

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 812.—17 December, 1859.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Scotland and Scottishmen,	<i>Christian Remembrancer</i> , 707
2. Avalanches,	<i>Eclectic Review</i> , 738
3. The Long Night in 1837,	<i>New Monthly Magazine</i> , 744
4. Religious and Philosophical Guides,—Mansel and Maurice,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , 753
5. Ten Years of Preacher Life,	<i>Boston Daily Advertiser</i> , 768

POETRY.—Daniel Gray, 706. Brunel—Stephenson, 706. Ballad of the Brides of Quair, 767. The Serenade, 767. Matins, 767.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Emigration of Tigers, 737. Roman Catholic Clergy in Ireland, 737. Ancient Chinese Coin, 743. A New Joint in Joinery, 752. Milton Accused of Impiety, 752.

NEW BOOKS.

EDITH'S MINISTRY. By Harriet B. McKeever, author of "Sunshine," "Flounced Robe," "The Light Musings," etc. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia; and Gould & Lincoln, and Ticknor & Fields, Boston. [We have not read this volume, but what we have learned of the author makes us earnestly desire that it may be successful.—*Living Age*.]

SIR ROHAN'S GHOST. A Romance. By a Contributor to the "Atlantic Magazine." Published by J. S. Tilton & Co., Boston.

BOOK OF PLAYS: for Home Amusement. Being a Collection of Original, Altered, and Selected Tragedies, Plays, Dramas, Comedies, Farces, Burlesques, Charades, Lectures, etc. Carefully arranged and specially adapted for Private Representation, with full directions for performance. By Silas S. Steele, Dramatist. Published by George G. Evans, Philadelphia.

THE RECTOR'S WARD.—Barry has made a picture with this title, taken from "The Rectory of Moreland," and a charming picture it is too. It is a crayon head, life size, and has been drawn on stone in Grozelier's well-known style.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

For Six Dollars a year, in advance, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *Living Age* will be punctually forwarded free of postage.

Complete sets of the First Series, in thirty-six volumes, and of the Second Series, in twenty volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at two dollars a volume.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars. bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

ANY NUMBER may be had for 13 cents; and it is well worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

DANIEL GRAY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven
 For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and
 pray,
 In the great company of the forgiven,
 I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well : in fact, few knew him better ;
 For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
 And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
 He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
 On ready words his freight of gratitude,
 And was not called upon among the gifted,
 In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old words and phrases,
 Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday
 rhymes ;
 And, I suppose, that, in his prayers and graces,
 I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now,—his form and face and mo-
 tions,
 His homespun habit and his silver hair,
 And hear the language of his trite devotions
 Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen-
 chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded,—
 " Help us, O Lord, to pray, and not to faint !"
 And how the " conquering-and-to-conquer "
 rounded
 The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him :
 He never kissed his children—so they say ;
 And finest scenes and fairest flowers would
 move him
 Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
 And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
 And pitied men whose views o' Christian duty
 Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him ;
 And I am told that when his Charley died,
 Nor Nature's need, nor gentle words should win
 him
 From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
 They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his
 hair,
 And on his breast a rose-bud, gathered early,
 And guessed, but did not know, who placed
 it there.

My good old friend was very hard on fashion,
 And held its votaries in lofty scorn,
 And often burst into a holy passion
 While the gay crowds went by on Sunday
 morn.

Yet he was vain, old Gray, and did not know
 it !

He wore his hair unparted, long and plain,
 To hide the handsome brow that slept below it,
 For fear the world would think that he was
 vain !

He had a hearty hatred of oppression
 And righteous words for sin of every kind ;
 Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
 Were linked so closely in his honest mind !

Yet that sweet tale of gift without repentance,
 Told of the Master, touched him to the core,
 And tearless he could never read the sentence :
 " Neither do I condemn thee : sin no more."

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
 Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
 Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
 Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
 He thought that, in some strange, unlooked-
 for way,
 His mighty Friend in heaven, the great Re-
 deemer,
 Would honor him with wealth some golden
 day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
 Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
 And his Redeemer called him to inherit
 The heaven of wealth long garnered up for
 him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
 For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and
 pray,
 In the great company of the forgiven,
 I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.
 —*Atlantic Monthly*.

Brunel, DIED SEPTEMBER, 1859.

Stephenson, DIED OCTOBER, 1859.

A NATION'S Pioneers—they rest. To mock
 Renown like theirs with sculptured tomb
 were shame :
 Where the bridged chasm, or where the
 pierced rock
 Attests mind's victory, read each hero-
 name.

Yet in an epitaph their names shall live,
 That Silence, there, may pay one noble
 due :

THEY DIED UNTITLED. Of what Courts
 can give,
 No jot, O knaves and fools, they grudged
 to you. —*Punch*.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

1. *Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution.* By Robert Chambers, F.R.S.E., F.S.A., etc. Edinburgh and London: W. and R. Chambers.
2. *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. Ramsay, M.A., F.R.S. E., Dean of Edinburgh. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1858.
3. *Scotland and the Scotch.* By Catherine Sinclair. Edinburgh: Whyte and Co.
4. *A Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.* Originally edited by Robert Chambers. New Edition. Glasgow: Blackie and Son. 1854.
5. *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village.* By Thomas Aird. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1857.

THE above works are a sample, and a sample only, of a large class of publications issued by our friends in Scotland; which, whether they consist of solid investigation into antiquity, or pleasant description of sights of travel, or tales and anecdotes illustrative of national character and habits, might with propriety be classed under the comprehensive title of "*Les Ecossais peints par eux-mêmes.*" And ever since Sir Walter Scott made known the riches of his native land, these books when emanating from writers of such ability as the authors in the above brief list, are sure of a kindly welcome south of the Tweed and the Cheviots, as well as in the northern capital.

And yet, notwithstanding the possession of so much information, and the increased intercourse between the two countries, we are not aware of any attempt on the part of an English writer to form a fair estimate of Scotland and her people. The Scotchman is indeed, in some sense, known to all the world; and two very distinguished men across the Channel have published critiques of the Scottish school of metaphysics. The "*Philosophie Ecossaise*" of M. Victor Cousin (which has reached a third edition) alludes to at least some general characteristics of the nation; and M. Charles de Rémusat, in an able article* on the same subject, has gone into further details with considerable success and felicity of touch. It is true indeed, that English pens and tongues have been employed at times in portraying Scottish character. No

sooner had James the "Sixth and First," as we have heard him called in Scotland, taken possession of his English throne, than a satirist, as Mr. Chambers shows us, made rhyming jests upon his followers. At a later date, the town rang with the sarcasms of Churchill, when, as Lord Macaulay has told us in his lively manner, the premiership of the Earl of Bute made men wish that the Duke of Cumberland had been even more unmerciful than he proved himself after the battle of Culloden. Again, our fathers have seen upon the stage Sir Archie MacSarcasm and Sir Pertinax MacSycophant: and slightly modified descendants of these gentry may, probably, be traced in some English novels of our own day. But caricatures, being usually based upon half-truths, are not portraits; they bring out blemishes in a strong light, and throw into the shade all compensating excellencies. Another kind of sketch, but almost equally unfair, is furnished by the panegyrists who have been summoned from the South to occupy for a season the rectorial chair in the University of Glasgow, or in the Marischal College at Aberdeen. It is hardly to be expected, perhaps hardly desirable, that noble lords and honorable gentlemen should try the temper of their youthful constituents by commingling with well-deserved eulogies a sprinkling of less palatable, though not less wholesome, censures.

It would be highly presumptuous in us were we to pretend that we can hang upon these volumes a criticism which should supply the *lacuna* thus existing in our literature, and lay before our readers any thing like a general characterization of North Britain. It may, however, be possible to indicate certain lines of thought, which shall at least suggest to others some topics which deserve consideration. And if, in the endeavor to point features of distinction, moral, social, and intellectual, between the two portions of Great Britain, we mingle blame with praise, and touch upon defects as well as merits, it will be found that the dispraise can generally be confirmed from Scottish lips, frequently even stated in their very words. And for any one who may feel aggrieved, we would call to remembrance the text, so happily cited in a well-known passage by Lord Bacon, "*Fidelia vulnera amantis, sed dolosa osula malignantis.*"

And on one point, at least, we are happy to think that there will be no dispute. What-

* "*L'Ecosse depuis la Fin du XVII^e. Siècle*" (*Revue des deux Mondes*, 1 Avril, 1856.)

ever be the relative claims of other countries of Europe, or of other parts of Britain, none will deny to Scotland the possession of a lavish and varied measure of that gift from the hand of God himself, which an eloquent Italian has so justly called the "divine beauty of created things." Sung by poets, limned by painters, yearly visited by a thousand tourists, her charms have not been over praised. It is, in very truth, a glorious land. The continental tourist may indeed have seen some marvels of nature which cannot be reproduced for him in Scotland. The unearthly vision of the Bernese or Savoyard Alps, the sunny softness of those olive and chesnut-clad mountains which slope down to the lakes of Northern Italy; these we have not, and cannot have, in Caledonia. But looking at the four portions of the British Isles,—England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland,—the Scot may fairly, we think, claim to be the denizen of what is, upon the whole, the most mavelously and variously beautiful. Particular points may unquestionably be fairly matched. We have heard of a judge, of good repute, selecting Bantry Bay in Ireland as unsurpassable by any piece of scenery in the three kingdoms. Southey and Wordsworth (too much attached to their homes to be fair judges) may have preferred the Lake District of England; and Snowdonia has her own glories, which no lover of nature can presume to estimate lightly. But on the entire case, as lawyers would say, the verdict must, we repeat, in our judgment, be for Scotland. Far be it from us to pretend to the knowledge of one tithe of her sights of fairness, grandeur, and romance of outward guise and inward association; yet enough we do know to be penetrated with a deep and fervent admiration. How easily might a Scot paraphrase a great part of the famous appeal to Italy in the Georgics? *His* mother country, too, can show her illustrious cities, reared at no slight cost of toil, with citadels crowning the summits of precipitous rocks, and noble rivers gliding beneath their ancient walls; she, too, can boast of her twofold waters—the Northern Sea on one side, and the mighty Atlantic on the other. Still more easily could she challenge, with Loch Lomond and Loch Long (or, indeed, perhaps even better with "still St. Mary's Lake" and Loch Awe) the beauties of form displayed by Como and the wilder waters of the Lago di Garda.

"Tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem :
Tot congesta manū præruptis oppida saxis :
Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.
An mare, quod supra memorem ; quodque alluit
infra ?

Anne lacus tantos ? te, Lari maxime : teque
Fluctibus et fremitū, assurgens, Benace, mar-
ino ?"

Nor, indeed, need the parallel be confined to merely material objects. The hardy Highlander, the stern borderer, might once have been taken to represent the Ligurian and the Volsci; her noble families,—Lindsays, Douglasses, Gordons, and many more,—might stand for Scipios and Camilli; and Scottish feeling would, at the present moment incline to find a Cæsar in Lord Clyde, saving the empire from the revolt of the (no longer unwarlike) Indian.

"Hæc genus acre virūm, Marsos, pubemque
Sabellam,
Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volcosque ver-
utos

Extulit : hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque
Camillos,
Scipiadas duos bello ; et te, maxime Cæsar,
Qui nunc extremis Asiæ jam victor in oris
Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum."

Of the climate of Scotland it is impossible to speak so favorably as of the scenery. "Climate," says Miss Sinclair, "is our weak side, which all who are censoriously disposed may attack with impunity." It is not that Scotland is so much colder than England; on the contrary, the winter temperature on the western coast is milder; in the isles extraordinarily so. Rothesay bears the reputation of being a sort of northern Madeira. Fuschias and myrtles flourish in the open air throughout the winter, and the neighboring gardens of Lord Bute, at Mount Stuart, display exotics such as few English gardens can exhibit save under the protection of a hot-house. But the amount of rain and of raw and chilling atmosphere on the west, the fogs and bitter east winds on the east, the want of geniality in the spring, all tend to produce a feeling of depression, which is very trying to persons who are in any way invalids or unacclimatized.

Yet even such a climate is not without some compensating charms arising from its very severities. D'Azeglio, in the passage of his "Ettore Fieramosca," already referred to, pities the poor inhabitants of the north, declaring that he who has not spent an hour at early dawn on the sea-shore of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies does not yet know, in its

fullest extent, "la divina bellezza delle cose create." Assuredly (as the writer can testify), to sail into Naples' Bay at sunrise is an event in one's life not easily to be forgotten. Nevertheless, before acting upon the suggestion of the proverb, "Vedi Napoli e poi mori," an artistic taste, like that of D'Azeglio, might witness some sights in Scotland of a tendency to mitigate his compassion. Even clouds and mists have their peculiar beauty. Much of the attractiveness of many of Turner's finest pictures depends upon the truthfulness with which he has rendered that mysterious semi-transparent veil which often hangs so gracefully over Highland peak and glen; the very indistinctness now stimulating the imagination of the beholder, now giving way to a revelation not unworthy of Fancy's most poetic dream. And what shall be said of the Aurora Borealis? or, again, of a less fitful and uncertain marvel, those long days which know of no real nights, when, as has happened to the actual page now before the reader, the pen can safely pursue its path until the hour of ten without the aid of artificial light—when the sun's place, just below the horizon, and no more, is distinctly perceptible at midnight, and before three in the morning restores the radiance of the perfect day.

We need not, indeed, pretend, as Tacitus and Juvenal appear to have supposed,* that this is the normal condition of the North British day; nor indeed should we desire it. But, for its season, that midnight brightness in the northern sky is something indescribable and unimaginable to those who have never witnessed it. No wonder that it suggests itself to poets as an emblem of the resurrection of the just: even Tertullian, in the famous passage wherein he speaks of the testimony of nature to the doctrine, might have added some fresh image had he been writing in Caledonia instead of Africa.

It is not, however, our purpose to dwell upon these external features of scenery or of

* A curious instance of what may be called a half-truth. Tacitus, who had no doubt heard from his father-in-law, Agricola, of the long Scottish twilight, never seems to have suspected that the length of the days about the time of the summer solstice involved a corresponding brevity in the depth of winter. His statement is of a most generic character; "Dierum spatia ultra nostri orbis mensuram, et nox clara et extremâ parte Britannix brevis, ut finem atque initium lucis exiguo discrimine internocas." (Agricola, cap. xii.) Precisely similar is Juvenal's allusion, in his second Satire, to the "Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos."

climate, excepting in so far as they affect national character. That they have affected it very deeply there can be little doubt. For instance, a mountainous country, though often an object of deep attachment to its natives, is seldom able to provide for their sustenance, far less to open a road to fortune. Hence, as we all know, the Arcadian mercenaries of old, the Swiss guards of continental potentates in modern times, and the Dugald Dalgetty school of Scotland. Hence that much satirized tendency in Scotland to dismiss her sons to seek a career in other countries. In well-known words,—

"She sends her children forth,
Some east, some west, some—ev'rywhere but
north."

And yet it is, we believe, a mistake to imagine that any considerable proportion of her population would remain in foreign climes, or even in England, if their own country offered prizes at all comparable to those to be found elsewhere. "I mean," said a respectable small tradesman to an acquaintance of ours, "to send my son to Oxford. You see, sir, in Scotland he cannot well rise to be more than a lord of the court of session, whereas in England there is the chancellorship and the archbishoprics." But, certainly, the retired Indian functionary returns, for the most part, not merely to Scotland, but, if possible, to his own peculiar district, even though it should be among the least favored by nature in respect of beauty or richness of soil: localism being (as we may have occasion to show) a marked feature in Scottish, as it is in Spanish patriotism. It is highly characteristic also to find the national love of all that is ancient coming out, even in the studies of the geologist; to hear the late Hugh Miller (democrat as he was in politics) exultingly asserting that the chains of the Alps, and of the mighty Himalayas itself, are but youthful in comparison of the antiquity of certain formations on the west of Scotland. Nor is it less in accordance with the national tone to find the same writer, in his "First Impressions of England," remarking on the sameness of Anglian geology, as contrasted with the variety exhibited by North Britain, and playfully asking how men could have been found to fight for a country where it would be almost impossible to find their way home after the battle, except by aid of the milestones,—a simile which will be more than pardoned, nay, heartily

sympathized with, by any who may know what it is to compare a residence in the English midland counties with one embracing a view of Arthur's Seat, or the Western Isles, either within or without the Mull of Cantyre.

Nor is Scotland deficient, either in town or country, in that connection of locality with events which so powerfully affects the human imagination. Sir E. B. Lytton has said a word in favor of London (in "My Novel"), as being not destitute of poetry to those who know how to look for it aright; but a majority would, we suspect, side with the late Mr. Raikes in assigning a far higher place in this respect to Paris. And without discussing how far the "fair city" of Perth, or castled Stirling, or, above all, Edinburgh (so grand in position and use of that position, so rich in all historic reminiscences), may also excel most cities of South Britain, we may here illustrate the point, so far as regards rural districts, by a quotation from the well-known letters of that lively Scotch lady, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, where she is criticising the Yorkshire scene-painting of Scott's "Rokeby," as distinguished from that of his earlier poems: "There cannot be a more powerful illustration of Mr. Jeffrey's theory of the necessary connection between scenery and sentiment to give inanimate beauty its full effect, than the comparatively feeble impression left on the mind by description so fine in itself and so true to its original, for want of those legends and poetical associations by which our Scottish glens and mountains are not only consecrated, but in a degree animated. Observe how rich the notes of Scott's former poems are in allusions to traditions and quotations from local poetry! But where is the local poetry of England? Granville and Pope, of very late years, have celebrated Windsor and the Thames; our own countryman, Thomson, too, hung a wreath on Richmond Hill; but what other place in England can be mentioned that wakes one poetical recollection? Milton's very self has not sanctified a single spot; and Spenser's localities were all in Ireland."

Again, that the besetting sin of drunkenness is more seductive and prevalent in northern than in southern climes is no new assertion; though it must be owned, that some would represent this feature as one specially attributable to race rather than to climate,—Teutonic blood bearing a sad pre-eminence.

Thus, in a letter of A.D. 747, from a famous

Anglo-Saxon missionary, S. Boniface, to an archbishop of Canterbury, Cuthbert, we find the writer asserting that the vice of inebriety was so common that even bishops fell into it, and enticed other men thereto: an evil, he adds, peculiar to heathens and our own nation; not committed by Frank or Gaul, Greek or Lombard. ("Hoc enim malum speciale est paganorum et nostræ gentis; hoc nec Franci, nec Galli, nec Longobardi, nec Græci faciunt." *)

But before we proceed further into the details of national character, it is well that we enunciate some general principles, lest our subsequent remarks upon particular features be misinterpreted. What standard do men adopt, what expectations do they frame, when they sit in judgment upon the character of a nation?

Too often, we fear, the standard is a purely ideal one; just, no doubt, upon abstract principles, but most unjust, as well as unphilosophic and uncharitable, when tacitly erected into a test of the qualities of one people as compared with those of other lands. Men think and speak as if they expected to find the existence of certain conspicuous virtues, unalloyed by the contiguity of particular failings on which those very virtues often nearly border. Of course, goodness need not be thus sullied. We can image to ourselves a country where independence should never degenerate into rudeness, nor carefulness into meanness; where loyalty should never be servile, nor ambition choose crooked paths as a road to honor; where the nobles should be high-spirited and self-respecting, but never exclusive and proud of birth; where merchants should be active and honorable, but never over-keen in practice nor proud of wealth; where the poor should be intelligent without self-conceit or wilfulness; strict, without any shade of hypocrisy; disinclined to beg, yet devoid of all taint of haughtiness.

Yes; we may imagine such a land; but we shall not find it in this work-day world. Such a people would be a nation of saints, and that nation is as yet unknown. Individual men may, indeed, be happy specimens of that noblest and best independence which is conjoined with true humility; of self-respect, which is unexacting and free from supercil-

* Letter appended to the late Professor Hussey's excellent edition of "Bedæ Historia Ecclesiastica." (Oxon. 1846, p. 358.)

ousness; of the endowments of birth, or wealth, or genius, sobered by the ever-present conviction that all these things are as a life-interest only, entailing greater responsibilities upon the possessors. But amongst masses of men we must ever expect to find the very presence of particular virtues involving some degree of the adjacent foibles; the faults in turn not easily eradicable without the loss of some excellence that was closely allied to it or intertwined. "Obstinacy," said Edmund Burke, in a famous speech on American taxation, "obstinacy is certainly a great vice, and in the changeful state of political affairs, it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues—constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity, and firmness—are closely allied to this disagreeable quality of which you [the House of Commons] have so just an abhorrence; and in their excess all these virtues very easily fall into it."

And if to any nation the appeal not to judge hastily might, with peculiar propriety, be made, that nation assuredly is the English. We are not ourselves a people who show to advantage on the first blush; our tourists on the Continent of Europe do not (as a rule) win golden opinions; the real worth and honor, to say nothing of religious feeling, are not exhibited openly and unmistakably, even when most truly existent. Neither are we, as a nation, considered to display any remarkable qualifications for the formation of a judgment upon other countries. Englishmen are accused of being a set of mere sight-seers, who do not even seek, for the most part, to effect any entrance into good society, but derive their notions of Italy and Belgium, France and Germany, from cab-drivers and landlords, and the chance passengers in the railway-carriage and the diligence. Certainly, the accounts which are furnished by those who have resided for a longer period, for example in Italy, are generally more favorable than those of the passing hasty traveller, as may be seen from the writings of Shelley, Sir F. Palgrave, and others. And even our laugh at the foibles of other nations might be tempered by the recollection of our own; though it must be admitted that the good humor with which an English public endures satiric representations of its own minor defects might be held

up as an example for imitation to neighbors, both in higher and in lower latitudes.

One more cognate statement of a general principle, and we shall be ready to plunge in *medias res*. There is, of course, much in Scotland that is common to British nature—much that is common to human nature in general. Were it not for the presence of such universal characteristics, Aristotle and Shakspeare could never have mapped out the territory of humanity with such wonderful success. But there is also much that usually, and almost inevitably, arises in a smaller community which stands in close alliance with a larger one. When a nation, numbering only some three millions and a half of souls, is under the same government as a neighboring country with more than fifteen millions, the more populous country being at the same time (more than proportionably) richer, there will be a tendency in the smaller body to hold together, as the only chance of retaining influence, and to be extremely sensitive to the criticism of the larger country, and, half insensibly, to adopt much of its habits and general culture.

And now to come at length to details. The first point on which we propose to touch is that of the intense roughness of manner displayed by the lower classes of Scotch Lowlanders. We put this in the first place, not only as being, perhaps, the most obvious and marked distinction between the two sides of the border, but because it is probably the one characteristic which, beyond all others, makes a prolonged residence in Scotland so intolerable to many Englishmen, and to still more Englishwomen.

We say a prolonged residence; for this trial will, in many cases be but little felt by the summer-tourist. Such a one, enjoying his holiday, in good temper with himself and the world at large, keeping to what may be termed the Anglicized parts of Scotland, and seeing chiefly those to whom his class is a livelihood, will probably be surprised at the outcry upon this head. But let him retire to some district where English habits are comparatively unknown, and exchange his vacation-inspired glee for the soberness of regular occupation; and if he has been accustomed to the kind of attention which even the most unpretending gentleman obtains in an English village, he will soon be sensible of a con-

stant succession of minor jars, and learn to appreciate the full force of Horace Walpole's apostrophe, "All hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life, how much smoother do ye make the road of it!"

Now, that this roughness is a fact, we shall venture to assume. Proof, if requisite, could be found in abundance; but none is needed. Scotch ladies who have spent a few years in England, Ireland, or France, will probably speak more strongly than any one. We pass, then, from the fact, firstly, to its causes; and, secondly, to the way in which, we humbly conceive, an English resident should meet it.

And as to cause, we look upon this roughness as being in great part a matter of race. That some great distinction exists between the mass of the Teutonic race, as opposed to those of Latin origin, is evident from the most superficial glance. That difference struck Tacitus of old; that difference exhibited itself in its most marked form at the epoch of the reformation, which (as a rule, though not an invariable one) the Teuton accepted, and the Roman stock as utterly rejected. But among the virtues of the Germanic races, which are many, inborn courtesy, and fine tact in the perception of the causes of offence, can scarcely be said to occupy a conspicuous place. An observant traveller who enters Germany from the side of France, or from "*il bel paese, dove 'l si suona*," can hardly fail to mark the contrast. If any doubt exist, we may appeal to the experience of poor Heinrich Heine, who will be admitted as a competent witness on such a point, whatever be thought of his sentiments on politics or religion. When that eccentric poet, having made Germany too hot to hold him, had taken up his residence in Paris, his first impressions are thus put on record by himself: "Politeness and good-humor were written on every countenance. If any one inadvertently jostled me without asking my pardon, I could safely wager that it was one of my countrymen; and if any fair one displayed a grim and sour expression, I was sure that she had drunk vinegar, or could read Klopstock in the original."*

* *Les Aveux d'un Poète. (Revue des deux Mondes, tome vii. p. 1176, A.D. 1864.)*

It may be objected that the Normans, "the patricians of the world" (as Sir E. B. Lytton calls them), are, after all, Teutons. We reply, firstly, that there are exceptions to all rules; and, secondly, that we never questioned the capability of some branches of this race for attaining refinement by

But the Englishman, it will be replied, is not of Latinized race, any more than the Scotchman. That is true; but it does not follow that the Lowland Scotchman has not remained a more pure type of the Saxon—less changed by fusion with any foreign elements—less altered by other influences, to which we may advert hereafter. If it be maintained (as it is by high authorities) that the English north of the Trent are substantially of the same race as that of the Scottish Lowlands, it must also be admitted that the Yorkshireman is a rougher being, less deferential to superiors, than the Devonian.

Thus much as regards what is probably the main source of this peculiarity. Now as to the mode in which an English resident should reason and act concerning it. When he has witnessed the manner in which the Scotch give and take among themselves (the very boys at Edinburgh knocking one another about in a manner we have never seen in an English city), he is half inclined to doubt whether he may not be compelled, in self defence, to employ similar weapons—to meet roughness with roughness, defiance with defiance, and ignore the precept which teaches that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

And yet such a course of conduct would be not only morally indefensible, but likewise a decided blunder. If some lack of civilization be apparent among the lower classes in Scotland, yet it must be remembered that the very unconsciousness, which makes their tuition in these matters more difficult, does at the same time render the fault far less grievous, and should induce on our part a more charitable view. The same act of rudeness which in England might be a just cause of offence ought not to be hastily considered such in Scotland; because a very little investigation will, in the great majority of cases, show us that the perpetrator had no idea of intermixture with other nations. "The Normans," says Lord Macaulay, "rapidly acquired all, and more than all, the knowledge and refinement which they found in the country where they settled." An illustration in our own day may be suggested by the following extract from a description of Lower Canada. "The politeness, courtesy, and hospitality of the French Canadians are worthy of the highest admiration. . . . The courteous demeanor of this race has greatly modified the natural roughness of some old country-folk, who have grown up in daily intercourse with them, and to this influence is attributable the charm of Lower Canadian society." ("Lectures on Canada," by Rollo Campbell, Esq., of Montreal-Greenock. 1857.)

the annoyance that he was causing. Not unfrequently, while you are still indignant at the supposed insult, he will offer, in the innocence of his heart, some casual act of attention. Many there are, no doubt (for the Scotch are ever in extremes), who display remarkable quickness of perception, and felicity in every turn of speech. But those who do fail, fail utterly, and inflict, as we have intimated, wounds on all sides, without the faintest consciousness of what they are doing. Some two sessions since, Lord Lyndhurst observed in the Upper House, that even the Lord Chief Justice seemed unaware of the severity of his own language in speaking, and that the same noble author had recently sent to him (Lord Lyndhurst) a volume of his "Lives," in which the conduct of Lord Lyndhurst was very sharply handled. It is rare, indeed, to find this lack of sensibility extending to the higher ranks in Scotland, who generally display the most finished tact and courtesy; but it may constantly be witnessed in the uneducated, or among those who are the architects of their own fortune. Even in their very compliments, the lower Scotch often say precisely the very thing that is least acceptable to the recipient. But it is not, we repeat, fair or charitable to consider unintentional affronts or misdirected compliments in the light of intended insults or ironic sarcasm. Let not the Englishman in Scotland believe that the undoffed hat, the curt reply, the apparent assumption of equality, all spring from deliberate effrontery, and are wholly beyond the reach of southern influence. In part they are the custom of the country, in part they arise from ignorance, and from the great width of the gulf that exists between the upper and the lower classes. If you are not distinctly, by title or estate, a member of the highest orders, or plainly admitted to fraternize with them, you are almost universally assumed to be one of the many. Nevertheless, they are accessible in due time to more favorable impressions; they are people of reasoning habits, not of mere impulse; the severest censure they can pass on an action (short of its being criminal) is that "it was irrational." And true self-respect, which is neither timid nor haughty, will in time have its own weight. Among the many anomalies of Scotch character is a tendency to appreciate refinement and gentleness, even on the part of those who seem, at the first glance, not to be cognizant

of the very existence of such qualities. In England, the outward manifestation is so much a matter of habit that it cannot always be relied upon. We remember a case where a midland-county rector, who was a father to his flock, had, after a succession of kind acts, supplied money to a laboring family in his parish, in order that they might emigrate to America. Among the earliest communications from the *paterfamilias* to his friends was one which expatiated on the delights of living in a country where a man need not wear out the brim of his hat by touching it to persons who claimed to be his betters. The true Scot is very reticent, even more so than the Englishman, and though he is slow to exhibit gratitude for favors by words, yet strives to the utmost of his power to repay all kindnesses by actions. And if we could hope to affect the conduct of any English person whose lot is cast among the Scotch, our strenuous advice would be, to have faith in the existence of a fund of better qualities under the outward appearance of whatever seems, at first sight, strange, or even repulsive, and to persevere in the cultivation of all friendly relations, in full assurance of the ultimate advent of a mutual co-understanding, and often of a hearty goodwill. You above all, ye fair brides, who have been won from English hearths, to become mistresses of mansions beyond the Cheviots, do not faint at the seeming bleakness of the social atmosphere around you. Do not believe that the welcome which greeted your first entrance to your new home was a mere unmeaning shout; pardon for a season the absence of the kind of deference to which you have been accustomed; and do not beseech your lord, by the love he bears you, to spend as much time as possible far away from so peculiar a race. In time you will reap your reward. That maiden whose look seems somewhat downcast, whose speech is scanty, and so seldom interspersed with the expected "Ma'am," whose manner may seem to you to hint a profound belief in co-equality of station, may prove something far different. Above all, if it fall to her lot to be visited by any form of sorrow, of which it is not in her power to talk freely to associates in her own class, then, if you show how a Southron can sympathize, the effect is magical indeed. For the Scotch, though they bear trouble with much dignity, and in an uncomplaining spirit, are perhaps, from that

very circumstance, somewhat hard to one another. They do not look for much pity, and in turn they are chary of it; the more delicately strung fibres of the human heart find no ready solace when they have been rudely jarred; and therefore, when that unexpected succor arrives, it is prized in proportion to its rarity. True, no profusion of thanks will flow, no blessings will be loudly invoked; but never, while life lasts, will the remembrance of that kindness perish. No trouble will be deemed too much, no sacrifice too great; in the hour of sickness, of trial of your own, there will be displayed an amount of attention, of forethought, of anticipation of all your wants, that will force you to confess that nowhere upon earth is gratitude more deep, nowhere fidelity more durable and true.

The first shock occasioned by the absence of outward marks of respect frequently makes an Englishman inclined to preserve silence, when he might have a chat with a Scotch laundress, or gardener, or person of similar station. The loss is great. If, instead of retiring into himself, and making the Caledonians believe that the English are more reserved and taciturn (not to say haughty) than themselves, he will boldly break the ice, and converse with such, he will be surprised at the intelligence manifested, the knowledge, especially of the history of Scotland, the logical sequence of the remarks, and the vigor of expression. He may not indeed meet with an embodiment of Mr. C. Reade's somewhat idealized "Christie Johnstone;" but it will often suggest to him that the coloring of the novelist is laid upon a substratum of fact. Still more frequently will he be reminded of traits, favorable or unfavorable, which he has read of in Sir Walter Scott: Meg Dodds, and Manse Hendrigg, and Andrew Fairservice, and Richie Moniplies, and Jeanie Deans still live, not on paper merely, but in the actual world, despite all the changeable influences of the nineteenth century. The Scotch are conservative of character; perhaps most races of any vigor are so. The Greek is still a lover of knowledge, the active and sometimes the over-acute trader. Napoleon found in the modern Spaniard the *Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre*, and endowed with that marvelous power of standing sieges, which Livy had celebrated of old. The truthfulness and independence of Germania was contrasted by

the pen of Tacitus with the servility of the spirit of Rome under the empire. With respect to Scotland, the voice of the stranger has usually culled out the least pleasing traits; but it is difficult to repress a smile at their reproduction. "These people," said a young Oxonian to a lady in 1857, "may be great philosophers, but they are uncommonly rude." "They are," writes Froissart, about A.D. 1400, "naturally fierce and unpolished; in Scotland there is little or no politeness." Churchill, under George III., in 1763, pours forth his bitter and envenomed satire; and thus, in well-known lines, describes the interlocutors of his poem:—

"Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question
springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten
kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage born and bred.
* * * * *
"Jockey and Sawney to their labors rose,
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no
clothes;
Where, from their youth inured to winter
skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise."

But Servetus, Calvin's unfortunate victim, anticipates Churchill.* "They are most friendly (he is writing in 1533) to the French, most hostile to the king of England. Men of quick temperament (*subita ingenia*), fierce, and eager for revenge. Brave in war, most patient of hunger, cold, and watching; of well-made form, but somewhat negligently attired; by nature envious, and despisers of the rest of mankind; they set forth rather too prominently their claims to high birth, and even in the extremest poverty claim royal descent (*ostentant plus nimio nobilitatem suam et in summa etiam egestate suum genus ad regiam stirpem referunt*), and moreover amuse themselves with dialectical subtleties."

We have known English gentlemen, who have become accustomed to the strong sense displayed in the conversation of the lower orders in Scotland, somewhat spoiled for the talk of the English rural laborer. There can, indeed, be no doubt on which side lie the powers of expression. Both are fond of long words, but with this important difference, that the Scott, in nine cases out of ten, employs them with perfect correctness, while the Englishman, in almost similar propor-

* Cited by Sir James Mackintosh (*Ethical Philosophy*) in a note to his critique upon Hutcheson.

tions, misuses them. We subjoin a few examples, which we *know* to be genuine. "Very wrong of her not to write; keeping her husband in such a *dispense*." "I never tried to learn astronomy; it's such an *obtuse* science." "Here, sir, are the parish accounts; on one side is what we've received, on the other what we have *disbusted*." These are from respectable English people, of farmers' families. We turn to Scotland. "I hope my dog knows you," said the owner of a mastiff to one of a staff of gardeners who had been rather alarmed at the animal's size and voice. "I'm *no*-afraid," was the reply; "she was frolicsome at first, and intimidated some of them." Another, a tailor, suggested to a gentleman a plan for the improvement of a cloth-covered door; and, having executed the alteration, asked for approbation, saying, "Mr. —, please come and look at it; I don't think it's at all detrimental to the dignity of the door."

The Scotch are fond of general propositions, and seem naturally to throw incidental remarks into that shape. Many will remember Sydney Smith's account (if not *vero*, at any rate *ben trovato*) of the lady at the Edinburgh ball, discoursing to her partner: "Ah! my lord, what you say may be *verra* true of love in the *abstract*, but," etc. In like manner, a man who rather shrunk from the contact with a large dog passing by him, and was assured by the quadruped's mistress of its perfect harmlessness, replied in the writer's hearing, "Yaas, yaas, but a sense of self-preservation makes one *hesitate*." They sometimes give a curt reply, not in a spirit of incivility, but from non-perception of the point aimed at by the inquirer. We have stood by while a gentleman asked a gardener how in the world he contrived to raise so many *double* stocks from his seed. A long description of the means employed was looked for; but the sole reply was, "Oh! I just write to Mr. Broon."

Their matter-of-fact temperament exhibits itself in curious forms. In all other lands that we know of, "Good day," or "Good night," is a mere salutation, an expression of good-will, which is reciprocated in the same terms. Such will be the reception, for instance, accorded to "*Bon soir*" in France, "*Felice notte*" in Italy, or "*Noos dah*" in Wales. But, in Scotland, the "Good night" is replied to at least by the rural habitant,

with "It is:" you are supposed to have made the assertion that the night is a fine one; and the correctness of that assertion is confirmed. Nevertheless, your friend likes this interchange of sentiment; and if (a too common case) the day be rainy, you have only, as you pass, to ejaculate the word "Soft;" to which he will reply with a nod, "Soft;" and the ceremony of mutual salutation is complete.

The Scotch accentuation is often strange to an English ear. It admits, of course, of many local varieties. Dean Ramsay gives, as illustrations of the two extremes, the Angus (or slow and broad), the Aberdeen (or quick and sharp), "*butts and shoon*," "*beets and sheen*." Without professing to admire such specimens, we must be allowed to think a modified Scotch accent often extremely pretty, while even its least pleasing changes are far less offensive than the broad Yorkshire or the Somersetshire dialect. And, really, how many minor foibles one ought to pardon in a people who never wound our ears by the misplacing of a single aspirate, never insert it when unneeded, nor omit it when it is due.

As we have said so much about Scotch roughness, it is only fair to add that their gentry, in turn, often complain of the conduct of English tourists, especially, it is believed, those from manufacturing towns, whose pertinacity in intruding into private grounds, and staring in at windows of private residences, is often very conspicuous. This is sometimes done by persons who would not act similarly in England, but who appear to imagine that on a journey, and amongst wild scenery, there is something rather grand in the exhibition of superiority to conventionalities and etiquette. It should also be added, that whatever civilities a Scotchman *does* offer, and they are not few when that crust of reserve is once broken, are decidedly more free than the attentions of Englishmen in the same class, from any *arrière pensée* of pecuniary reward.

We can hardly speak too highly of the admirable manner in which the Scotch subdue their mother earth. Amidst the rich pastures of the Lothians, and still more wonderfully in less fertile districts, their skill and perseverance deserve the triumph which they win. Often have we watched the farmer and his men toiling at fields whose angle of elevation and rocky substrata would reduce a midland-county tenant in England to despair.

Touching the more ornamental process of gardening, it is enough to remind our readers that, for more than a century past, the head-gardener of English nobles and gentry has been continually found to be of northern origin.

Other points, though many must of necessity be passed in silence, will be touched upon, when we arrive at the consideration of the state of morality and education in Scotland. But it would be most unjust to conclude this imperfect and fragmentary account of the social characteristics without adverting to the noble independence displayed by the Scottish rural poor, under the pressure of want. We are well aware that all parts of England are not alike in this respect; but, in a general way, the Scotch seem, to us, far less willing to beg than the natives of South Britain. We remember staying in a West-Anglian district, where machinery had seriously affected the gains of the poor. Now, that under the first operation of such a crisis they should appeal to their wealthier neighbors was natural and reasonable enough; but unfortunately (as our host, a man of kindness as well as wisdom, remarked to us) their self-respect was lost in the process, and they became, every Christmas, regular petitioners for aid. Such a result could hardly, we believe, have ensued in any portion of the Scottish lowlands. The impossibility of offering remuneration for a favor descends, as we have already intimated, to a much lower social level than in England. Thus, for example, Hugh Miller,* in narrating the unsuccessful endeavors of a minister to procure some petrifications for Sir G. Mackenzie, of Coul, adds quite simply, "the minister, in the extremity of the case, applied to my uncles, though with some little unwillingness, as it was known that no remuneration for their trouble could be offered to them. My uncles were, however, delighted with the commission; it was all for the benefit of science; and providing themselves with torches and a hammer, they set out for the caves." Now "my uncles" were respectively a cartwright and a mason.

Money offered without service rendered is often simply declined. We have walked through a set of haymakers on a thirsty day, and held out some small coinage as an indirect means of lightening the toil. English or Irish laborers would not have hesitated:

* "My Schools and Schoolmasters," p. 70.

in Scotland we met with a respectful refusal. Often too, when some favor had been done, the proffered remuneration is objected to, as being too large, and only half accepted. Strangely enough, the same man would sometimes rather overcharge in the way of ordinary business. The smaller tradesmen are inclined to err in this way, in Scotland,—as, indeed, where are they not? On the other hand, the civility, intelligence, and promptitude displayed by the large firms in the principal Scottish cities are above all praise.

And here we are tempted to confirm the results of our own observation by the testimony of others. The praise shall be from an English, the dispraise from a Scottish pen. "The leading national faults," writes Mr. Aird, "are a want of courtesy and softness in the expression of even their best affections; suspicion and illiberality in their estimate of strangers, and of such as differ from them in their set opinions and modes of living; disputatious habits, pride, and self-sufficiency." "The Scotch," says the author of "Christie Johnstone," "are icebergs, with volcanoes underneath; thaw the Scotch ice, which is very cold, and you shall get at the Scotch fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain!"

In turning from the lower to the higher classes of Scotland, it is impossible not to be struck with the rapid process of what may be termed Anglization, which has taken place during the last half century. The increased facility of intercourse is one main cause of this change. Railways are rapidly destroying the peculiarities of remote districts. Poetic minds, witness Messrs. Kingsley, Ruskin, Tennyson, not unnaturally lament this tendency towards uniformity. But religion and philosophy must be content to accept it as a fact which is beyond all human control, and therefore a part of the Providential dispensation of the age in which our lot is cast. Such an admission does not, of course, necessitate the conclusion that the change is in all respects, or even mainly, for the better; we believe it to have both aspects; but, while sympathizing with those regrets, yet incline to the more hopeful view:—

αἰλιον, αἰλιον εἶπέ, — τὸ δὲ εὐ νικάτω.

Gone, and gone forever, is the day when a Scotch lady of birth and station could say, as Dean Ramsay tells us, "I did na ken ye were

"the town." Descending in the scale of society, and probably disappearing, is that rich and racy language in which Burns, and Leyden, and Allan Cunningham have sung, and of which Professor Wilson exhibited the remarkable powers in his "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*." The youthful maiden of gentle birth and her brother, are now educated in England, or by English teachers; or perhaps imbibe the Southern accent from a mother's lips. Marriage has done very much in this process of assimilation. Of the fair wearers of Scottish coronets, more than one-third (among the reigning peeresses) have been brought from England, and the remainder includes some few from Ireland or the Continent. Nor does even the statement of this large proportion impart a correct idea of the influence of the southern blood. For while (speaking roughly) the nobles who have only Scottish titles marry in their own country, those who have seats in the House of Lords, either as representative peers, or by virtue of British titles, run the risk of fascination from Southern beauties who meet their gaze in the great metropolis. Now the latter nobles are, as a class, the more wealthy and powerful, though not necessarily the more ancient; and some opinion of the danger they incur may be formed from the fact, that of all the duchesses in Scotland, one only, we believe, is Scotch.

It is obvious that such intermarriage must greatly affect the national character. The young laird, or noble, with an English wife and English mother, visiting among relatives on both sides of the border, cannot possibly, by habits any more than by blood, be the same as the son of unmixed Scotch descent. That this change has, in many respects, a very beneficial aspect appears to be unquestionable. Nevertheless, so rare upon earth is any thing like unchequered advantage, that we can thoroughly enter into the feelings of Scottish gentlemen, when they mention two points wherein the gain is partially balanced. It is a bright and conspicuous feature in the noble houses of Scotland, that they extend their care and interest to the cadets of their race in a manner that is all but unknown in England. "While the late Lady — was alive," said a friend to the writer, "she was to all the nieces and cousins like the ring to a bunch of keys. The new peeress is English; very winning and ladylike, but she does not

enter into such feelings." Now will we contest the justice of a certain partiality in favor of Scottish ladies on the ground that even if, as some have thought, inferior in beauty, they display more *verve* and originality of sentiment, more marked individuality, than the great majority of their Southron sisters.

But the most singular and patent distinction between the English and the Scotch nobility is the wide-spread nomenclature of the latter as contrasted with the limited circulation of the former. Let us take some six or eight of the noblest and most historic names of England,—as, for instance, Neville, Courtenay, Howard, Grey, Percy, Stanley, Talbot, Seymour. None of these names could dream of competing in point of numbers with the far-famed appellations of Smith, Jones, and Robinson; and though we might undoubtedly meet with scions of these distinguished races in very humble stations, yet we certainly should not expect to come across them at every turn; to be buying our cheese and butter of a Neville, lodge at an inn kept by a Courtenay, deal with a Howard as our chemist, and number a Grey and Percy among our servants. And yet, what would be a parallel to this literally happens in every moderate-sized town in Scotland. Your grocer is a Stewart, your landlord a Macdonald, your postmaster a Sinclair, your draper a Graham or a Campbell, your boatman a Lindsay, and so forth. Not less strange to an English ear is the extreme localism of the names of the leading gentry of many districts. We may assume that the deputy-lieutenants of counties are fair representatives of that class. In Lanarkshire there are three Hamiltons, three Lockharts, three Campbells; in Argyllshire (out of a list of some forty), three Camerons and twelve Campbells; the twenty-eight of Banffshire include five Duffs and an equal array of Gordons; in Caithness, the house of Sinclair occupies eight places out of three-and-twenty; and the clan Mackenzie bears nearly the same proportion to the smaller total of Cromarty. The Dumfriesshire list exhibits five Johnstons and seven Maxwells: Ogilvy is strong in Forfar; Baillie and Fraser, with Grant and Mackintosh, in Inverness. Stewart predominates in Wigtonshire; Mackenzie again takes the lead in Rosshire, being more than a fourth part of the entire number. Our English readers will at once see the impossibility of constructing any cor-

responding catalogue of the names of the landed gentry in the counties of the South.

The truth is, that there are but few names in Scotland. Antiquaries of great celebrity assign as one cause of this peculiarity the admitted fact, that it used to be common for individuals, and even for an entire clan that was broken (as it was termed) by the loss of an acknowledged chieftain, to seek for admission into another and more powerful clan, of which they adopted the name. But even this shows one of those differences in the form* which aristocratic feeling adopts in different countries; for it would hardly, we imagine, in any age have been deemed a compliment by an English noble for inferiors to assume their surname.

Our first impression, on looking over the Scottish peerage, is that its nobility is far more ancient than the English; and that a much larger proportion of the English titles have died out. A close examination of the facts will tend in some degree to diminish the force of this impression; yet not, we think, in such wise as to render it other than substantially correct. The abating circumstances are, firstly, the consideration that, by the act of union in the reign of Queen Anne, the sovereign lost the power of creating any more peers of Scotland. Since that time many Scotchmen have been raised to the peerage of Great Britain, but no names have been added to the "union list" of A.D. 1707, save only such as have proved claims to dormant titles; consequently, there cannot be a peer of Scotland whose patent of noblesse is of less than one hundred and fifty years' standing, and oblivion or ignorance of this fact may mislead the mere registrar of statistics, who should compare the average antiquity of any twenty or thirty peerages of the respective divisions of Great Britain. The greater strictness of the Scotch law of entail may also have had its influence, both in preserving to the title the ancestral lands, and, consequently, the means of support, and likewise in rendering it worth while for distant heirs to lay claim to honors which would not involve the

successful pursuer in mere unrequited expenditure.

Then, again, the Scottish patents have been far more frequently extended beyond the direct line of heirs male. The importance of this proviso may be estimated by the consideration that the oldest English barony (De Ros), and the oldest English dukedom (Norfolk), would both have been in danger of being blotted out from our national *Libro d'Oro*, had not the former been transmissible through the female line, and the latter through collateral branches. But this latter feature, though it in some measure serves to account for the fact, does not alter it. The peerage roll of Scotia, though reduced by extinctions to little more than one-half of its number in 1707, yet certainly exhibits not only a more ancient, but also a more historic list of names than that of England, one more associated too, for the most part, with their place of sojourn. That history is, indeed, in many respects far from favorable. The Norman origin of at least one half of the ennobled houses appears to have led to a degree of sympathy with England, which but too often resulted in unfaithfulness to the land of their adoption. And it must, we fear, be said, that in no other country would Mary Queen of Scots have met, even in spite of her morality, with such unchivalrous and unmanly treatment. Of course, against this we should have set the gallant band from four great houses who gathered round Robert the Bruce; and the unconquerable hearts who laid down their lives for the cause of the covenant, or of royalty, or again for an exiled dynasty in the conflicts of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries; or that devoted ring of earlier days, who perished around their sovereign's standard on the fatal field of Flodden. And, in truth, the history of the Scotch nobility is perhaps only one of the many exemplifications of a leading idea of which we shall have occasion to speak, namely, the intensity of all thought and action, alike for evil and for good, in Scotland.

But the fact of antiquity remains; and of its influence upon the human mind there can be no question; that influence being often (as Sir F. Palgrave justly remarks) most attested by those who denounce and oppose it the most vehemently. There is, indeed, a greatness which achieves position *per saltum*; the

* A curious exemplification of this difference may be seen in the famous *Memoires* of the Duc de Saint Simon (tome 2, chaps. xxi. xxv.) No courts could well be more particular on subjects of etiquette and precedence than those of Versailles, under Louis XIV., and Madrid under Philip V. Yet how opposite, in many features, were their respective modes of exhibiting their sentiments.

historic position of a Cardinal Wolsey throws into the shade the butcher's stall from which he sprung; and Napoleon Bonaparte may proclaim that his patent of nobility dates from the night of Montenotte. Yet even Napoleon could at another time regret that his dynasty was too young, and utter the well-known wish, "*Ah! si j'étais mon petit-fils.*" The results of time are indeed incommunicable. There was a day when the head of the Plantagenets was the simple forester Torquatus, and the Bourbons, now the oldest royal house in Europe, are described by Dante as a race

"Per cui la Francia e novellamente retta,"

and declared to have descended, like Wolsey, from a butcher. But such reflections, though well calculated to expose the absurdity of those who would wish to close the golden book, now that their own names are inscribed therein, or who talk of *parvenus* peers, as if their own ancestors had not once been considered such, cannot alter the existing dispensation of things, cannot take away antiquity of race from those to whom God has given it, nor impart it to those who have it not. And this fact is certainly more constantly brought before one in Scotland than in any other portion of Great Britain. Your friend — cannot meet you to-day; he is bound to be present at the funeral of the earl of —, the fourteenth of his line. You meet Baroness —, a peeress in her own right, and you find that her ladyship is the eighteenth in the list. Even the names least known in England are often among the most ancient and conspicuous in Scottish, though not in British, history. It is so again with numbers of the untitled landed gentry. An English reader, on opening the title page of the "*History of Literature in Ancient Greece*," may expect to see the author's name announced as he was then generally known in England, viz., Colonel Mure, M.P. Somewhat to his surprise he finds simply "*William Mure, of Caldwell.*" But a residence in Scotland would soon teach him that the simpler appellation is by far the grander.

"The Mures of Caldwell are immediately descended from Sir Reginald More, or Mure, of Abercorn, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland, who appears in that office in the year 1329, the first of the reign of David II.*"

* Caldwell Papers, p. 3 (Maitland Club publications), Glasgow, 1864. Mr. Carlyle in his *Cromwell*, if we recollect aright, calls this lady Elizabeth

Elizabeth Mure was married to her cousin, Robert, earl of Strathern, steward of Scotland, who, in A.D. 1371, succeeded to the throne as Robert II. Thus she became the mother of the whole blood royal of that race, and, therefore (by the female line), of our present gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria.

But there is another reason (already alluded to) besides strictness of entails, or capacious patents, for the long continuance of Scottish families; and it is one which reflects the highest credit upon national character. It is this, that respect and attention which heads of Scottish houses, far more than ever do their English neighbors, pay to the cadets of the family. The feeling which prompts the scion of an English noble house to say, "Lord — was very low, his father was only an attorney," when the person spoken of has inherited an ancient title from a distant relative, is all but unknown in Scotland. Lord Lindsay, if we recollect aright, seems fully disposed, in his admirable "*Lives of the Lindsays*," to recognize the claims of some farmers in the Lothians to a descent from that justly popular and time-honored stock. And surely such a sentiment is far more truly aristocratic, in the very best sense of the term, than an ignoble contempt for distant connections, because they are no longer in flourishing circumstances. The thorough recognition of persons living in poverty and retirement, but of good birth and manners, has often struck us very much, as well as the fearless self-respect with which the condition is faced and acquiesced in on the side of the recipient. Often may scenes be witnessed, such as one of the most graceful of French tale-writers, M. Octave Feuillet, has introduced into his latest story, where a lady thus circumstanced avows: "*Je ne suis pas loin de croire que Dieu a voulu réduire quelques uns d'entre nous à une vie étroite, afin que ce siècle grossier, matériel, affamé d'or, ait toujours sous les yeux, dans nos personnes, un genre de mérite, de dignité, d'éclat, où l'or et la matière n'entrent pour rien,—que rien ne puisse acheter,—qui ne soit pas à vendre! Telle est, mon cousin, suivant toute apparence, la justification providentielle de votre fortune et de la mienne.*"

And having said thus much about the higher and the lower classes in Scotland, it is high time to add something concerning the Mure of Caldwell. This is practically true, but not literally so; the Mures were then of Rowallan.

relations between them. These, to an English eye, appear to the last degree anomalous and paradoxical. It would not be difficult to maintain with plausibility either side of the question, "Whether the superiors in station have more or less influence over their inferiors than the corresponding classes in England?" With respect to ordinary outward signs there could, indeed, be no dispute. A Scotch noble, walking in his own park, does not meet with the amount of outward demonstrations of respect from his own tenantry, which the English peasant commonly bestows even on a stranger having the aspect of a gentleman. The wife of a country vicar in England receives more of the merely external marks of deference than a peeress in Scotland. And there are certainly many things which occur to an English gentleman as a matter of course, which could not be attempted in North Britain, without exciting much astonishment, ill-will, and possibly something like open revolt. Thus, for instance, an English gentleman who has received some provocation at the hands of a villager, will occasionally threaten to remove his custom from its shops, unless the perpetrator be discovered. Such a step would rarely, if ever, be thought of in Scotland. In like manner, many a great lady on the north side of the Tweed, will abstain from playing a chorus from Handel on her piano on Sunday, lest it should offend her Presbyterian servants.

Speaking generally, the gulf between the higher and lower classes is much greater in Scotland. There appears to be a want of a refined middle class, capable of associating with the great without making pretensions to their state. There is likewise, we think, a lack of those sports which are common to very different ranks of society. Golf and eurling may occasionally bring into contact the peasant and the baronet, the peer and his tenantry; but there is little hunting, and cricket is an exotic, which can hardly be said to have taken root as a national pastime. Now following the hounds is, in rural England, as popular with the farmers as with the dukes. The veriest hinds, for example, complain, as we once heard in a midland county village, that the famous "Pytchley Hunt" had only met there twice that season. And the apparent surprise expressed by the late Hugh Miller, on seeing Lord Lyttelton and his sons at cricket with the tenantry, shows

how novel was such a sight to his eyes. But far more calculated, we believe, to create a feeling of distance, has been the difference of religion between the two orders of society.

And yet he who should hence arrive at the conclusion, that the lower classes in Scotland cared but little for their superiors, would be utterly mistaken. Although prepared to resist interference (as the entire history of the Free Kirk shows) in certain departments of thought and action—although wellnigh utterly severed from their influence in those mercantile cities which are the seats of the *nouveaux riches*, it yet remains true, that the mass of the Scotch look up to the great houses as their natural leaders, with a respect for their rank, and a homage to their historic traditions, that are all but unknown in South Britain. The width of the gulf to which we have referred is not sought to be lessened, but is openly proclaimed. An illustration of this statement may be derived from the following portion of a speech made at a village feast in honor of the marriage of the heir-presumptive of a noble family:—"We know that when the Danes attacked this country, six hundred years ago, the M.'s held the lands of N. which they now hold; that a knight of their house fought at Bannockburn; that another M. was one of that charmed circle that fell around their king at the fatal field of Flodden, one of those 'flowers of the forest' that Scotland still mourns; that when the two countries were united and became Great Britain, an M. was one of those who signed the Articles of Union. And though, happily, Scotland is now at rest, and has no danger from without to fear, yet if ever her liberties should be attacked we shall look to the M.'s of N., as of old; we will rally round their ancient house; we shall be found to have an M., to lead us."

A different class of men from either of those hitherto noticed will be brought before us, if we attempt, as we now propose, to consider the intellectual position of Scotland. That position must, we are convinced, be allowed to be a very high one. It is true, as Hugh Miller is the first to remind us, that in the power of throwing up those rare and vigorous plants which tower conspicuously among the nations, Scotland is not to be named with England. Scotland has produced no Shakspeare, no Bacon, no Milton, no Newton. But such deficiency does not militate against

the truth of our assertion. It may be questioned whether more than three countries of modern Christendom—namely, Italy, Germany, and England—have reared above one or two men of the very highest order of genius. France certainly has not; and yet the claim of France to a high standing in the realm of intellect remains unquestioned and unquestionable. And when (if we may change our metaphor) the great stars of the intellectual firmament are for the moment eliminated, it is impossible not to be struck with the brilliance and variety of Scottish luminaries which occupy the very nearest place to those of the first magnitude. England, it must be remembered, has a population exceeding that of Scotland in a more than fourfold ratio (fifteen millions to three and a half has been already named as the present proportion; and in former times the ratio has, we suspect, been still more in favor of the Southron). Consequently, for every man of science, every poet and *litterateur*, sent forth by Scotland, England ought, if these matters could be arranged by a per centage, to produce some four or five. Such a statement of the case may at least serve to intimate that Caledonia has contributed, and continues to contribute, at least her full share to the British stock of mental wealth.

We shall not here be expected to give a catalogue of Scottish worthies in the departments of science or literature. Their names may be easily gathered from such a publication as that which stands fourth upon our list. But it certainly ought to be borne in mind how very largely the splendor of the British name has been enhanced by the world-wide celebrity of many of these distinguished men. What name in modern literature is more thoroughly European than that of Sir Walter Scott? And while the Clyde sends forth to every sea those splendid steamers, which add so largely to the wealth and fame of Glasgow, there is something strangely potent in the association of a great name with the noble scenery which is commanded by the spectator from the quays of Greenock. From that, his birthplace, overlooking the fine forms of those Argyllshire highlands—overlooking the multitudinous vessels (the indirect fruits of his discovery) that ply beneath—a statue of the great inventor of the steam-engine, James Watt. Then, again, if Britain is to be saved from that reproach of incapacity for

metaphysical speculation, which France and Germany are so prone to charge upon her, it is to the metaphysicians of Scotland that she must look for her defence. Both in the middle ages, when Scotch tutors of logic and the mental sciences were sought upon the continent; and again, from the time of Hutcheson to that of Reid, whom M. Cousin terms the true Socrates of his age, the Scotch Universities have sent forth a succession of moral and metaphysical philosophers. At the present moment, the most rising metaphysician in England, Mr. Mansel, of Oxford, avowedly draws his inspiration from that profound thinker whom Scotland has but lately lost, Sir William Hamilton. It would not, we think, be difficult to show that the metaphysicians of the Scotch school have rendered real service to our common country, and more especially to that portion which reared them. To speak here of one advantage only, it is a great thing to have a standing protest against that lowering view of knowledge, which is ever on the watch for immediate tangible results. The study of the mental sciences is eminently calculated to enact the part of such a witness; and if England should still remain blind to the merits of the Scotch philosophy, France, the old ally of Scotland in arms, is ready to join with her in the field of letters. Victor Cousin, while bearing such high testimony to the home achievements of Hutcheson, Smith, and Reid, declares that to the last-named France owes her own eminent metaphysician, Royer Collard; and pays moreover to the memory of Hamilton a tribute hardly less enthusiastic than that delivered by Mr. Mansel in Oxford:—"Sir William Hamilton unissait en lui deux dons, bien rares, et qui jusqu'ici ne s'étaient jamais rencontrés à ce degré dans une même personne: la pénétration profonde d'un métaphysicien du premier ordre et l'inépuisable érudition d'un savant de profession. . . . La mort toute récente de M. Hamilton est une calamité qui ne s'arrête pas aux bornes de sa patrie; elle sera longtemps et vivement ressentie par tous ceux, qui d'un bout du monde à l'autre ont consacré leur vie à l'étude de la philosophie et de son histoire."

In scholarship Scotland has less pretensions. Even her able school of metaphysicians, and Sir W. Hamilton, "is essentially devoted to the study of the history of the human mind." *Philosophie Écossaise. Avertissement de l'Éditeur.*

tute of a learned foundation." And despite the remarkable exception of Buchanan, and some other good Latinists of his date, the number of Scottish scholars, not educated at English or foreign Universities,* is extremely small. They have indeed achieved great things at Cambridge, and still greater at Oxford; but even there soundness rather than elegance has often been the basis of the triumph, and mastery over logic and history rather than over the niceties of the language of Greece or Rome. Perhaps the sense of beauty in this, as in other ways, is somewhat dull in this northern clime. They have not much sympathy with the protest of an English poet:—

"Vain knowledge this, unprofitable skill,
So may you think and truly would you say,
But that the mind thus curiously train'd
In the pure beauty of Hellenic art,
And grandeur elegant of gorgeous Rome,
Becomes to beauty feelingly awake,
Nice to perceive, glad to believe and love
Whate'er of beautiful abides in forms,
Hues, sounds, emotions of the moral heart,
Feeling a universal harmony
Of all good things seen, or surpassing
sense."†

If, on the one hand, Oxford owes much of her re-awakened zeal for mental philosophy to Scotland, nothing, on the other hand, has been more remarkable than the success in after-life of many Scotchmen, who have found their intellectual tastes alternately thwarted and encouraged by the course of study prescribed in Oxford. The list of Scoto-Oxonian first-class men, though necessarily very limited, contains the names of Professor Wilson,

* Colonel Mure studied in Germany. Professor Ramsay, the author of the excellent accounts of the Latin poets in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, is a Cantabrigian.

† On the death of Henry Nelson Coleridge. "Hartley Coleridge's Poems," vol. ii. p. 167.

It is a curious question how far the tendency to a turgid, rhetorical style among Scottish speakers and writers might be checked by such training as Hartley Coleridge here alludes to. Of course, we do not forget that such men as Erskine and Hugh Miller, each models of purity in their kind, were not classically trained. But we cannot argue from such geniuses; though it is curious, by the way, that both had fed their taste from the channels of English poetry, of which they knew great quantities by heart. We incline to think, with the author of a very masterly lecture on "Latin Literature," Mr. J. C. Shairp, Assistant Professor at St. Andrews, that greater familiarity with classical standards might do good service in this matter. Both Mr. Shairp and the *Scotsman* acknowledge, rather proclaim the fact. Want of space forbids us to do battle with Sir A. Alison, who approves of translation from Greek and Latin into English, but not of the counter-process.

J. G. Lockhart, the earl of Elgin, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Colquhoun, the present bishop of London, Sir Alexander Grant, and (if he be not too much Anglicized for such a position) Mr. Gladstone. And numbers more, who have not thus striven for honors, have come back to their homes with a life-long impress derived from English academic studies.

Mathematics, as we might expect, have flourished greatly in North Britain. We must not make our pages a catalogue of names, or it would be possible to fill up a large space by chronicling the achievements of Napier, Maclaurin, Simpson, Playfair, and many other illustrious votaries of *μάθησις*.

And for the very reason that they are so famous, we forbear to dwell upon the world-wide and well-merited celebrity of the heroes of Scottish literature. Rather (and that not in any invidious spirit, but because it is a point deserving some consideration) shall we dwell upon what seems to us its main defect; namely, the absence of all mysticism. Eminent Scotchmen would be perhaps inclined to reply that this is any thing but a defect; that on the contrary, it is a virtue. Mysticism, they would urge, is the bane alike of religion and of literature. Now, we are very far from being blind to its dangers. It is well that Lord Lindsay should denounce its abuse from a religious point of view in his *Progression by Antagonism*. It is well that Professor Aytoun should hold up to ridicule the falsely attuned rhapsodies of Mr. Bailey's *Festus*. But here, as ever, it is true that *abusus non tollit usum*. Mysticism is a fact in human nature, and those who ignore or despise it must take the consequences. An element which is common to Buddhism, Brahmanism, Parseeism, to Catholic theology, to Protestant theology, must possess a deep hold upon the human heart.

Now, the entire range of Scottish literature can scarcely, we believe, present a sample of any thing weird and mystical.* Not from Scotland must we look for any thing resembling the deep symbolism of the *Divina Commedia*, the dreamings of a Hamlet, the spell of the Ancient Mariner, the wild song of Thalaba. Scotland has no Spenser, no Wordsworth, no Shelley, no Robert or Elizabeth Browning. Not from any Scottish poet,

* Mr. Macdonald's "Within and Without" and "Phantasies" are exceptions which help to establish the general rule.

though praised by one of their choir, flow such lines as these:—

"But soon there breath'd a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It rais'd my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming."

Great as were the differences between the early Edinburgh reviewers and their political antagonist, Sir Walter Scott, the absence of mysticism was (we agree with Mr. Bagehot)* a feature common to both the rival schools. Perhaps if there had been a Gaelic literature, the case would have stood differently; and it is also possible that the heavy hand of Calvinism may have had some part in crushing any rising tendencies of development in this direction. But such causes are not, in our humble judgment, sufficient to account for this peculiarity, which we are inclined to regard as an innate characteristic of the nation.

Of the learned professions, two at least, law and medicine,† have long flourished in Scotland. A character in one of the comedies of Aristophanes, to whom Athens is pointed out in a map, exclaims, "That cannot be Athens, for I do not see the law-courts;" and the remark might well be transferred to the modern Athens of Caledonia. "Lawyers they are born," says Walter Scott; "indeed every country gentleman is bred one." And all will remember the determination of the worthy farmer in Guy Mannering to carry his case before the judges, despite all that his counsel may urge to the contrary. An English solicitor of much celebrity once informed us, that he always doubted the innocence of an accused person who should threaten his accuser with legal proceedings for false imprisonment and the like. A doubt thus suggested we believe to be natural and well founded in England, but we should as certainly object to its being entertained in Scotland. Recourse to law seems in North Britain to be the primal and most obvious idea. The very boys in a rural district think of it. "You shall go to M— (naming the county town and implying the county magistrates) for this," cried some village lads to some young friends of ours, who had inflicted a slight and most merited chastisement for a very insolent

affront. While we are speaking of law, it must not be forgotten that, besides the great jurists, such as Lord Stair and others, who have flourished in their native realm, Scotland has exported a whole mass of legal ability into England. Hers is the able, though unscrupulous, Wedderburn, better known perhaps as Lord Chancellor Loughborough, "one of the few great advocates who have also been great in the House of Commons;" hers one of those eminent and select judges who not only expound and administer, but actually create, the law—Lord Mansfield; hers, too the *facile princeps* of forensic eloquence—Lord Erskine.

The differences between Scotch and English law are considerable. Speaking generally, that of Scotland retains the closer affinity to the old Roman law. The points which strike one most palpably are the absence of any distinctive courts of law and of equity; the existence of a public prosecutor (the Procurator Fiscal); the decision by a majority of the jury; the admission of a third verdict, namely "Not Proven," as a *mezzo termine* between "Guilty" and "Not Guilty"; the disuse of the coroner's inquests; the number of suits decided without the aid of a jury; and the difference in the law of entail, which, though much modified of late years, remains more strict than that of England; and the weighty divergence in the matter of wedlock and legitimization. These differences were discussed with much temper and moderation in the *Edinburgh Review* about a year since. Without here re-opening the question, we may own to a preference for Scotch law in some respects, more especially in a possession of a public prosecutor, an institution commonly recognized, if we mistake not, in continental Europe, and which not only saves some important causes from being passed by in silence, but also relieves the public from many vexatious trials by the refusal of the Fiscal to bring forward absurd and trifling cases.

Before we allude to another learned profession, that of medicine, it may be well to say, a passing word upon the Scottish universities. It is probable that at the commencement of the present century the intellectual life of these institutions was, upon the whole, more vigorous than that of their then lethargic but re-awakening sisters on the Isis and the Cam. But the tide has turned: the galaxy of literary talent which illuminated Edinburgh has paled,

* "Estimates of certain Englishmen and Scotchmen."

† "St. Ronan's Well."

perhaps positively, but certainly by comparison. Competitive examinations for Indian cadetships have transferred those prizes to the youths of England and of Ireland; and this practical proof of inferiority has lent vigor to the cry for academical reform in Scotland, which had previously been raised with less effect.

But in the school of *Æsculapius*, Scotland still holds her own. In the contests for medical offices, her *alumni* are not defeated. The country of Abernethy and Sir Charles Bell, and hundreds more such, still continues to rear worthy successors, still attracts pupils from the whole of Europe, nay from the four quarters of the globe. The fame of such men as Professors Christison or Simpson belongs to the civilized world at large. The praises of both may be read in a recently published French "Biographie des Contemporains." And for one at least we can answer. Those who, in that hospitable home in Queen Street, Edinburgh, have enjoyed opportunities of observing the hard and often, we fear, overtasked existence of Dr. Simpson—who have witnessed the attention to patients as considerate as it is able, and which is bestowed on numbers from whom he will accept no remuneration but their life-long gratitude; the consistent and rare impartiality which neither wealth nor rank in any wise disturb,—may form some idea of what Scotland can produce in the way of scientific genius in conjunction with the loftiest generosity and philanthropy.

Of physical science in general it has already been estimated that Scotland contributes, to say the very least, her full share to the sum of discoveries made in Great Britain.

In art, Scotland is, perhaps, less triumphant. It is true that the Edinburgh exhibitions of painting and sculpture are now reflecting high credit upon their motherland; but these triumphs are of comparatively recent date. The most accomplished of the R. A's., and our most religious painter, and whose fame is European, Mr. Dyce, is a Scotchman.

The anti-æsthetic genius of Presbyterianism has done much to cramp the development of taste. There is scarcely an architect north of the Tweed to be placed even into approximation to Scott, Butterfield, Barry, and other English artists.* And again, in music, the

* We do not, however, wish to overlook the merits of Mr. Henderson's buildings at Trinity

lack of organs in the Kirk has left an entire void in the department filled by Purcell, Orlando Gibbon, and the cathedral composers of England. And even over the great beauty and character of some of the national airs there is thrown that shade which must ever be cast over the results of doing evil in the hope that good may come. "It is a received tradition in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed, to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favorite hymns in the Latin service. 'Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies' (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns; 'Maggy Lauder' was another; 'John Anderson my Jo' was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine."* These tunes have, indeed, in many cases been rewedded to innocent and graceful words; but the sad fact of their desecration cannot be undone. But still there remains a vast number of eminently beautiful airs, which are free, we believe, from all such taint; and it must be pronounced that this is a domain of beauty, in which Scotland maintains an easy superiority over the utter poverty of England.

To return, however, to the general characteristics of the Scottish intellect. With all its high and varied gifts, it must, we think, be pronounced to be somewhat deficient in the highest forms of imagination. And so interwoven are the powers of the mind, that such a defect not only prevents the development of that mystic element to which we have alluded, but even (as Lord Lindsay seems to hold) in some degree hampers the loftiest attainments of the reason. Hence we presume the *gravamen* of the charge brought against the Scottish school of philosophy, by one of its ablest foreign critics and even eulogists, M. Victor Cousin. "It is with systems as with men; the best are the least imperfect, and the excellence of the Scottish school does not prevent its having deficiencies. Satisfied with common sense, it rests there, and never feels the desire of penetrating the depths of the truth. Possessing the true method, it carefully eschews hypothesis; but it too often lacks spirit and power, and stops

College, Glenalmond, nor the excellence of some of the new spires reared by members of the Free Kirk at Glasgow and elsewhere.

* Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," Series II. Book II. No. II.

short before reaching and attaining the end of the course. Circumspect (and with good right), it is sometimes, like reason itself, rather pusillanimous. Its glory is, to have revived and practised the experimental method; but it has not sufficiently borne in mind that from experience, fertilized by induction and calculation, Newton drew the system of the universe. It has too often been contented with a mass of observations; it has confined itself to the collecting of tried and solid materials, without attempting to build the edifice.* Somewhat akin to this is a remark of Edward Irving's to Dr. Chalmers, when the latter was complaining of the obscurity of the utterances of Coleridge, and confessing that he, personally, liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it. "Ha!" said Irving, "you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part I love to see an idea looming through the mist."†

These characteristics in some measure serve to guide us in the approach to the mooted question,—whether or not wit can be said to exist in Scotland. The Scotch point, on the one hand, to such names as those of Arbuthnot, Smollet, Burns, Galt, Wilson, and Walter Scott, and ask whether these are or are not men of wit. *E contra* stands the well-known assertion of Sydney Smith, for many years a resident in Edinburgh, that "it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding;" and the somewhat similar verdict of Charles Lamb.

It must, we fear, be admitted by impartial judges, that the indictment preferred by these distinguished humorists is not wholly devoid of truth. To adduce brilliant exceptions is not a sufficient reply to an attack which is directed against the rank and file. Even Dean Ramsay, in this respect *patriæ propugnator acerrimus*, admits that a large proportion of the good stories current in Scotland bears reference "to lairds and lairds who are drunk" (that is to say, to men who have amused others, while only half-conscious of the merriment afforded), and that, in many other instances, the humor lies in the *Scotchness* of the thought and expression, and not in any actual wit on the part of the speaker. Those who have lived much in

Scotland will probably remember numberless instances of a hearty laugh subsequent being produced by remarks which were not in the least intended to awaken it.

Amongst all but the highest and most cultured, observations oft spoken in irony are usually taken *au grand sérieux*. Even the common English exclamation, "You don't mean it?" is regarded as a direct impeachment of the speaker's veracity, and is met by the rejoinder, uttered with slow and impressive emphasis; "But I *do* mean it, Mr. —," or, "If—I hadn't—meant it,—I shouldn't—have said it."

If this matter-of-fact tendency be inimical to a certain play of the fancy, it is obvious that we must not commonly expect in Scotland those forms of wit which depend upon a light quick touch; we must not look for that allusive kind of facetiousness which we find in Sheridan, and of which our French neighbors (witness Talleyrand and Madame de Girardin) are so fond. Nevertheless, we agree with the Dean of Edinburgh in thinking that his countrymen do possess a real fund of a certain dry satire humor. That critical faculty which is seen, with all its merits and defects, in the writings of Lord Jeffrey, exists in a less developed form in the nation at large. Hence arises a great quickness in detecting, and taking advantage of, any mistake on the part of another.

A somewhat hackneyed anecdote may serve to illustrate our meaning. Sometime, not very long after the battle of Culloden, a captain in an English regiment was invited to dine at the house of a laird, who was notoriously Jacobite. The captain, half doubtfully respecting the prudence of accepting the invitation, asked the opinion of his superior officer. He was recommended by all means to go, but to take the greatest care that he was not entrapped into any act of disloyalty towards King George II. All passed pleasantly enough until the appearance of the dessert, when the master proposed, as the first toast, "Our *rightful* King!" "That's not King George," hastily shouted the captain. "Troth, sir, and I'm verra muckle of your opinion," was the quiet, but irresistible rejoinder.

We believe this to be a fair specimen of the kind of humor to which we have alluded. It is, as we have intimated, by no means uncommon in Scotland. Nay, even this reviewer,

* Philos. Ecossaise.

† "Life of Chalmers," by Dr. Hanna. Vol. III. p. 160.

moi qui parle, not being infallible, not resembling that Scottish-born monarch who never said a foolish thing, has before now found himself in the predicament of one who feels himself quietly and good-humoredly rebuked for putting a query which is not wise. A few years since, two steamers were running upon the Clyde, called (after the titles of certain Highland fairies) the Kelpie and the Spunkie. A party in a row-boat, of whom the writer was one, were discussing which of these vessels it was which was at the moment entering a certain bay. Much doubt was expressed, though the vessel was near at hand, and in an inconsiderate moment we asked one of the boatmen to explain what was the difference in the build of the respective vessels. Calmly, with a tone of sly satire, came the reply, "If we knew that, we could tell you which it was."

The following, which has been given by others, shall be here set down according to the version of Dean Ramsay:—

"The story has been told of various parties and localities, but I believe the genuine laird was a laird of Balmamoon, and that the locality was a wild tract of land, not far from his place, called Munrimmon Moor. Balmamoon had been dining out in the neighborhood, where, by mistake, they had put down to him after dinner cherry brandy instead of port wine, his usual beverage. The rich flavor and strength so pleased him that, having tasted it, he would have nothing else. On rising from table, therefore, the laird, would be more affected by his drink than if he had taken his ordinary allowance of port. His servant Harry, or Hairy, was to drive him home in a gig or whiskey, as it was called,—the usual open carriage of the time. On crossing the moor, however, whether from greater exposure to the blast, or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his hat and wig came off and fell upon the ground. Harry got out to pick them up and restore them to his master. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but demurred at the wig. 'It's no my wig, Hairy, lad; it's no my wig,' and refused to have any thing to do with it. Harry lost his patience, and, anxious to get home, remonstrated with his master:—'Ye'd better tak it, sir, for there's no waile [choice] of wigs o' Munrimmon Moor.' The humor of the argument is exquisite, putting to the laird, in his unreasonable objection, the sly insinuation, that if he did not take *this* wig, he was not likely to find another."

We may perhaps be unduly prejudiced in favor of our own views; but this anecdote

likewise seems to us to exemplify our theory. There is again exhibited that cool judgment, the same capacity for perceiving, so to speak, the exact position of one's opponent, and for readily seizing, resolving upon, the move which is the most likely to prove successful. We must not, however, be supposed to deny the existence of powers of repartee, irony, and playful wit among the educated classes in Edinburgh, which may fully rival those exhibited in London.

Majora canamus. We turn to a very different subject; one which will involve what is perhaps the heaviest indictment that we have to prefer against Scotland, as compared with the sister country. It is this, *that moral courage is less honored in Scotland than in England.* Such a charge ought not, indeed, to be preferred lightly, nor do we make it without having first discussed the matter with several distinguished natives of North Britain, who have, one and all, with scarcely an exception, confessed that it is just.

In speaking thus, we do not express any opinion as to the actual existence of more or less of such courage in one or the other division of the land. One very highly gifted Scotchman indeed (a man certainly possessed of a very full share of the gift), at once affirmed that there was a great deficiency of the article in his country, and that this was, perhaps, the cause why Scotland had not yet produced any one who had attained to the very highest rank as a general or a statesman. But we are not prepared to press this argument. We do not forget that moral courage is a scarce commodity everywhere. Many years since did Mr. Disraeli, in "Coningsby," pronounce it to be "the rarest and most admirable quality of public life;" and that keen observer, Mr. John Stuart Mill, had previously said, in the *Westminster Review*, "There has crept over the refined classes, over the whole class of gentlemen in England, a moral effeminacy, an inaptitude for every kind of struggle. They cannot undergo labor, they cannot brave ridicule, they cannot stand evil tongues, they have not hardihood to say unpleasant things to any one whom they are in the habit of seeing, or to face, even with a nation at their back, the coldness of some little coterie which surrounds them."

But in England there is, at least, this advantage, that exhibitions of courage, even if

unpopular at the moment, almost invariably in the long run insure respect. We happened to be present when, on a cold winter's day, in 1855, Mr. Cobden addressed a large assembly in the Cloth-hall at Leeds, in opposition to the continuance of the war with Russia. Few were convinced, but all gave him a patient hearing, and the general sentiment appeared to be that of increased good-will towards a man who, though held by the great majority of his hearers to be in error, was frank and brave in the expression of his unpopular sentiments. Somewhat similarly, the small knot of statesmen who had opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, arguing that its enactments could not be put in practice (as indeed they never have been, nor will be), were supposed by many to have ruined forever their chances of return to high offices under the crown. A year passed, and these very men were seated on that treasury bench, which some of them are again occupying at the present moment. Seldom, indeed, is it that a man with a cause is hopelessly crushed in England. A Quaker, a Roman Catholic, a Swedenborgian, nay, even a Tractarian, has a chance of obtaining some redress for wrong, and a considerable amount of sympathy under persecution.

But in Scotland this sentiment is, we repeat, deficient. The extreme caution of the Lowlander's temperament makes him regard with any thing but admiration the man who, single-handed, attacks the press on any popular sentiment. Such a paladin is considered by by-standers as, at the very best, needlessly rash; by those whose cherished prepossessions he combats, he is marked out as a man who outrages public opinion. And this consideration must be fairly weighed by any who would form an opinion on the relative amount of moral courage as existent in England and Scotland. Many an act may be ventured upon with perfect safety in the south of Britain, which would call forth a very storm of angry opposition in the north. "There are moments," writes a great historian, "when rashness is wisdom." Such moments have been known and seized in Scotland in her days of civil warfare, but now they are rare indeed; and Scotland is perhaps of all others the country where such rashness is least likely to be accounted, under any possible combination of circumstances, a proof of wisdom.

This strong feeling against single-handed attempts to change the national view, on any subject whatever, is strikingly exhibited in reference to all attacks, however temperate or well-supported, upon the popular views of Scottish history. Sir Francis Palgrave describes an historian as one "dispelling favorite or deluding visions or dreams; cutting, when, practicable, the conventional pictures out of their frames, and replacing them by portraits taken from the life; but, above all, uncramping or shattering the pedestals supporting the idols which have won the false worship of the multitude, so that they may nod in their niches or topple down." Such tasks have been attempted of late years in England, with a very fair measure of success. They have been attempted also in Scotland, with at least equal ability, persevering research, and desire for equity; but we much doubt whether the cogent reasonings of such inquirers as the late P. Fraser Tytler, Mr. Mark Napier, Professor Aytoun, Mr. Robert Chambers, and others, have in any perceptible degree impressed the general mind of Scotland. The damnatory documents produced by Tytler are *not* to be accepted as even affording grounds for suspicion of the complicity of John Knox in the murder of Riccio; the halo around the name of Montrose is *not* to be recognized as more dazzling than ever, since the labors of his modern biographer; the eminently good taste and good feeling evinced in the prefaces and notes attached to the spirit-stirring *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* is *not* to make us imagine for a moment that Claverhouse is less black than he is commonly painted; and the painstaking researches of *Domestic Annals* must *not* be permitted to suggest to our minds the supposition that the compulsive measures of Presbytery may have led to much sad hypocrisy. Be it so: those who are conscious of seeking for no unjust publications of aught that is evil, no disguise of any wrong on either side, can well afford to bide their time.

Another point stands in close connection with this. We would fain speak very gently on the Scottish love of praise; we know that it is praise of the nation at large and not of individuals which is sought, and that the sentiment is entwined with much that is amiable and patriotic. We are likewise conscious of the possibility of the existence of a very different state of things in this respect, if the Scotch

were the fifteen millions and the English numbered only some three and a half millions, instead of the reverse being the proportion. Nevertheless, we do hold that a nation which has so many elements of true greatness, might afford to be somewhat less covetous of eulogy, somewhat less touchy on the score of fault-finding, even though it should proceed from the lips of the suspected southron. At present, a lecture, whether delivered in the metropolitan Edina, or in a country village, is sure to be applauded by many degrees most loudly in the parts which speak well of any thing that is Scotch. And as for any thing approaching to censure, it is indeed at one's proper peril that it is ventured on. A poet is lecturing on the works of a brother-poet. In the course of his criticism he remarks that the expression of patriotic feeling is not necessarily poetry. The assertion, whether well founded or not, might pass muster as at least an innocent one; but, alas! in an unhappy moment, the speaker's destiny leads him to illustrate his theory from the writings of a *Scottish* poet. What has happened? What mesmeric influence informs the lecturer that a cloud has passed over the serenity of his audience? Despite all his natural fluency, he stammers, pauses, and backs as well as he can out of the mistake which he feels that he has made. The reader may form his own opinion respecting this sketch, and judge whether it be drawn from imagination or from the life.

It must, however, be said that Scotland does enjoy some opportunities of hearing home-truths. Though all may unite on occasion to repel the common enemy, there is, as already observed, considerable local feeling. Highlanders and Lowlanders, those who boast that they belong to a clan, and those who boast that they do not belong to a clan, are in many ways a check upon each other. There is, again, an old rivalry between certain cities; as, for instance, between Perth and Dundee, between Edinburgh and Glasgow. We are not sure that there were not some good folks in rural districts, or even in other cities, who thought it high time that the citizens of "high Dun Edin" should for once hear a word of dispraise, as they did (to their intense indignation) a few years since from Mr. Ruskin. And it is not the least among the many merits of that very able newspaper, the *Scotsman*, that it never shrinks from an outspoken

denunciation of whatever wrong it seems a duty to oppose, without any undue deference to national prejudices or partialities.

It will be naturally expected of us, that we should take some notice, even in a cursory and superficial sketch like the present, of the all-important subject of religion. But we shall do so in a brief and perfunctory manner. *Religion in Scotland* would need to be the subject of a separate article, and its treatment would demand great and intimate knowledge of various districts, deep spiritual insight, and rare impartiality. We pretend to none of these things. This paper is avowedly written from an English point of view, and any member of the Scottish establishment, or of the great outlying bodies who have seceded from it, will read it (if they condescend to read it at all) with the not unnatural suspicions, which are attached in their minds to the criticisms of an English churchman.

Scotland was, as we all know, one of those countries in which the reformation took an extreme form. Nowhere, perhaps, had the unreformed church more thoroughly gained that dangerous pinnacle of external prosperity, which is so great a temptation alike to men and to institutions. More than half the land was in her possession; and though several ecclesiastics, as the famous Bishop Kennedy of S. Andrews, under James III,* played

* Bishop Kennedy died on the 10th of May, 1466. "In him," says Tytler, "the country lost the only statesman who possessed sufficient firmness, ability, and integrity to direct the councils of government. He was indeed, in every respect, a remarkable man: a pious and conscientious churchman, munificent, active, and discriminating in his charity; and whose religion, untinged with bigotry or superstition, was pure and practical. His zeal for the interests of literature and science was another prominent and admirable feature in his character, of which he left a noble monument in S. Salvador's college in S. Andrew's, founded by him in 1456, and richly endowed out of his ecclesiastical revenues. Kennedy was nearly connected with the royal family, his mother being the Lady Mary, Countess of Angus, a daughter of Robert the Third. It appears that he had early devoted his attention to a correction of the manifold abuses which were daily increasing in the government of the church; for which laudable purpose he twice visited Italy, and experienced the favor of the pope. Although in his public works, in his endowments of churches, and in every thing connected with the pomps and ceremonial of the Catholic faith, he was unusually magnificent, yet in his own person, and the expenditure of his private household, he exhibited a rare union of purity, decorum, and frugality: nor could the sternest judges breathe a single aspersian against either his integrity as a minister of state, or his private character as a minister of religion. Buchannan, whose prepossessions were strongly against that ancient church of which

a most distinguished part as statesmen in taming the violence of a wild feudality, yet unhappily at a later period Scotland possessed the very worst specimens (as the Roman Catholic Lingard testifies) of the laicized great churchmen of the sixteenth century. The sons of bishops, though necessarily bearing on their escutcheons the bend sinister, appear to have enjoyed a recognized social station, and that a very high one.

Great and deep was the evil; proportionably violent was the remedy. Scotland cut off at one blow wellnigh all spiritual connection with the past. In her eyes the church went into a trance, a state of *deliquium*, immediately after the apostolic age, and did not awake again until the era of John Knox and his compeers. No ancient Liturgies carry back the thoughts of Presbyterian worshippers to the early ages of Christianity. The collects, which (in the language of a distinguished Scotch author) "have soothed the sorrows of forty generations," have, to the vast majority of Scottish ears and hearts, no especial charm either on the ground of intrinsic excellence or long cherished associations. It is a remarkable exemplification of the prevailing difference of sentiment in England, to find a man like Dr. Arnold, assuredly no high churchman, employing the very strongest language in denunciation of such total rupture with the past.

But of the general hold of the Presbyterian system upon the bulk of the people there can scarcely be a question. True that, as in England, about one-third of the population (we believe) does not attend any place of worship whatever; and that during epochs, such as the early portion of the eighteenth century, when deadness and unbelief abounded, both were at least as prominent in Scotland as in any other part of the United Kingdom. But it seems to us undeniable that there exists, among the many, a freedom from that indefiniteness which is so common in England. How frequently is heard in South Brigid Kennedy was the head in Scotland, has yet spoken of his virtues in the highest terms of panegyric:—"His death," he says, "was so deeply deplored by all good men, that the country seemed to weep for him as for a public parent." (History of Scotland, vol. iv. chap. ii.)" We venture on this long extract, partly because Kennedy is hardly so well known as he deserves, and partly because in speaking of the kind of prelate of whom Cardinal Beaton is a sort of type, it seems only fair to bear in mind the existence of a very different stamp of statesmen bishops.

tain, the exclamation, "Oh! I've no objection to church," coupled with an explanation to the effect, that the speakers have attended this and that meeting-house, just as they happened to be in service with families of the respective persuasions. A patron of an English almshouse will seldom have any difficulty in finding any number of applicants ready to embrace the established faith, on the condition of appointment. We remember, indeed, hearing of an instance of refusal, but that refusal came from a Scotchwoman. It was only a pity that she in any degree lessened the respect justly due to her consistency, by indulging in a long lecture to the clergyman, to whom application had been made, on the nature of his duties, a species of information which he had certainly no occasion to learn at her hands.

We must also speak favorably of the manner in which principles seem to be *impressed* upon the Scotch mind. Take the questions, for example, of the Lord's-day, or of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Far as we are from adopting what seem to us the extreme views prevalent in Scotland respecting the Sunday, it is impossible not to respect the earnestness with which many excellent people combine to thwart any steps which are inimical to their ideas of what is right. On the wife's sister question, Scotchmen are taught (as we believe, most rightly taught), that Christian marriage induces a spiritual relationship not wholly unlike that of blood. How deeply such a conviction has sunk into the national mind is shown by the circumstance, that Parliamentary attempts at change of the law almost invariably propose to omit Scotland from the operation of the proposed enactment.

Still stronger, as many of our readers must be aware, is the anti-Erastian feeling of the Scotch. Even the establishment enjoys a greater freedom in her assembly than the English church in convocation; and though her *theory* of ordination is far more subservient than that of our own communion, yet the practice is of late years much mitigated through the disinclination of patrons to press their claims. And not only did the anti-state feeling give rise to the United Presbyterians, who denounce as sinful *all* connection with the state, but it is also the source of that very wonderful body commonly known as the Free Kirk.

Now whatever be thought upon patronage in general (a large and difficult question, on which we have neither space nor inclination to enter), it must be borne in mind that it assumes a very different complexion among communities, which have no fixed form of worship, but depend entirely on the individual minister. In England it is no uncommon thing to hear in a country-house, some such words as these: "Our vicar is not very great in the pulpit; but his schools are admirably looked after; he is most attentive to the poor and the sick, and after all there is the prayer-book just as in any other church." The fact that the incumbent was placed there by the act of bishop, or squire, or college, does not in anywise trouble the peace of such a flock. But they might feel very differently, if they depended upon their clergyman for the very prayers in which they were expected to join.

Hence, in part at least, the success of the Free Kirk in Scotland. The entire account of the movement from the stand-point (as the Germans call it) of its authors and supporters may be read *in extenso* in Dr. Buchanan's "Struggles of Ten Years," or Dr. Hanna's "Life of Chalmers;" and we do not envy the man who can peruse it without a feeling of deep admiration for the endurance, self-sacrifice, and faith, displayed alike by the four hundred out-going ministers, and by those flocks which have since continued to raise a sum of more than £300,000 per annum, to support their cause at home and abroad.

The Free Kirk has all the characteristics of an opposition; in many respects for good, in some very possibly for evil. It numbers in its ranks a vast number of professional men, especially, we fancy, if we are not mistaken, among physicians. If its establishment has diverted large contributions from other very excellent channels, and tended occasionally to foster fanaticism, as in the case of the recent Irish revivals,* it must be remembered that even the warmest supporters of Presbyterianism, as for instance the present duke of Argyll, admit the tendency of the system to become cold and enfeebled in times of peace. Many a minister and layman in the establishment, as well as out of it, may have been saved from latitudinarianism, apathy, and un-

belief, by the interest awakened by such a contest.

Of the general character of the Scottish ministers we are disposed to think very favorably. Weak points, not in the men, but in the system, may be noticed presently. But these defects do not in anywise detract from the merits of the exemplary conduct of the Presbyterian pastors.

Upon the deep and solemn question, how far this system succeeds in the great work of training souls, we forbear to enter. Enough, if we are able to indicate some external features of the case.

It is impossible, we think, to have had the entrance into the houses of some Presbyterian families, without often becoming sensible of a pervading atmosphere of goodness; a goodness which in numberless cases we must believe to be the fruit, not of nature, but of grace. Far are we too from wishing to believe that Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night" is a merely imaginary picture. On the other hand, it must be said, that a great portion of the quasi-political zeal for a theological system displayed by the Scotch is compatible with a sadly undevotional frame of mind, and a want of practical religion. We have already cited from the pages of a Scottish Presbyterian, Mr. Aird, a reproof of the "disputatious habits, pride, and self-sufficiency" of his countrymen. Let us now listen to the sequel of his description:—

"In matters of religion, these faults are often carried to an offensive pitch. So determined are the Scotch to discard every thing like outward ceremonial observance in their worship, and keep their ground aloof from popery and prelacy, that they will hardly allow themselves to be decent in the house of prayer. Only listen, in country parishes, to the clamorous confabulations of the deaf old people around the pulpit ere the clergyman comes in; look at half of the worshippers taking their seats so soon as the minister gives any hint, by the turn of his style, or the inflected cadence of his voice, that he is drawing towards the close of his prayer; see the half-dozens that are leaving the church before the conclusion of the service, and the dozens who are seizing their hats, and brushing them with their elbows during the last blessing, the end of which they seem impatiently to wait for as the signal to clap them on their heads. And then the rage of the Scotch for preaching—nothing but preaching! Why the very days of their sacraments are called the

* See the remarkable pamphlet by the Archdeacon Stopford, "The Work and the Counterwork."

'preaching days.' I mean merely to say that they lay far too much stress on the intellectual gratification of hearing clever preaching, compared with the far more important part of sanctuary duty; namely, prayer and praise. And then every village has its bellwether or two of orthodoxy and heterodoxy; and there in the church the heckler or weaver, who aspires to lead the sense of the place, lies with his chin fixed on his two fists on the boards before him, gaping and grinning from his maud, to catch the speaker, if he can, stumbling on the borders of the 'unsound.' And then how the village does ring with it next day, if any thing bold and out of the beaten track has been said by the minister! And in this way the spiritual leadership of these bellwethers is maintained; and at every settlement of a pastor in the place, of course, they have the parish at the wag of their disputatious and convincing forefinger."

An able writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, has within the last two years said far harder things than these against his brother Scots. He evidently questions whether in *any* country there is a greater divergence between faith and practice, and a more frequent display of hypocrisy. If Scotland is determined to take her stand upon the comparative absence of evil; if she will persist in believing in the existence of an *ætas aurea* immediately after the Reformation, and again after the revolution of 1688; if she will pretend that there is far less of covetousness, unbelief, drunkenness, and unchastity, on her favored soil, than in any other land in Christendom, she must be content to accept the result. That dream of a golden age, which is held to have flourished once and again, melts away before the stern inquiries of her able and gifted band of antiquaries; those merchants, whom the story associates with the lost tribes, have *not* shown themselves more unyielding to the fiery trial of commercial speculation than their brethren in London or Liverpool, Paris or Vienna; the paganism of her large towns is pronounced by Hugh Miller to be hopeless, in terms as strong as could possibly be employed respecting the corresponding difficulty in England; the amount of drunkenness is such as is positively unknown in the south, and the registrar's statistics leave for Scotland a majority of blots in the table of births, not only far exceeding the percentage of England or Ireland, but outnumbering (with a single exception) those of every country in Europe.*

* It may be necessary to explain to southron

No! if Scotland be wise, she will surely cease to commit the question of her superiority to such an issue. Her stand, if we mistake not, should be made, not on a fancied immunity from evil which cannot bear a moment's investigation, but *on the reality of that which is good*. And this we cannot but think to be a loftier, as well as a safer, line of argument. The city or nation in which evil is most patent, is not always therefore proved to be the worst. On the contrary, as brightness causes shadows, the very presence of excellence is often found to intensify all that is bad. Because the wheat is sown, the enemy plants tares. "After the prophets, the false prophets; after the apostles, the false apostles; after Christ, the anti-Christ."* The classical student thinks of Corinth as proverbial, even among the heathen, for its dissolute luxury. Yet there was it that the labors of the apostle of the Gentiles proved so eminently successful, there did his Divine Master specially proclaim: "I have much people in this city." On the other hand, steadiness and freedom from overt acts of wrong, may so often spring from an enlightened self-interest, that it becomes one of the profoundest problems in morality and in theology to decide how much stress may be safely laid on such negative evidence, in our estimates of individual or national character.

To return to what may be called the more external features of the case. It was held by Bishop Berkeley, that the English church would do wisely in trying to rear, so far as it was possible, clergy of every grade corresponding to the varied ranks of the laity. It readers, that the phrase "lost tribes" refers to a story told by the Scotch themselves, alternately against the merchants of Aberdeen and Glasgow. Certain Jews, who had carried on business with the usual success of their nation in various towns of England and Europe, at length settled in one or other of the above cities. So completely, however, did they find themselves beaten at their own weapons, that they concluded that they were no longer amongst Gentiles, and one of them wrote to a friend, who had thought of joining his Jewish brethren, "Mosheh, it is no good; we have found the lost tribes." We must not, however, be understood to mean, that the Scotch have proved themselves worse than other civilized nations in monetary matters; but only that, with the tale of the Western Bank, and some similar doings on record, they have no right to throw stones at others. As regards drunkenness, a parliamentary return some years since gave (we believe) fifteen thousand in one year picked up drunk in Glasgow—thus averaging one man in every twenty-two; while in Manchester the proportion was one in six hundred.

* S. Chrysostom, Homil. xlv. in S. Matthew.

may be, that in England the order has been too much confined to one class, and that thence has arisen a tendency to what has been called the *gentleman heresy*. But we feel that the opposite extreme is equally a mistake. The funds of the English establishment, divided equally among her clergy, would yield, we believe, a somewhat lower average than those of the established kirk of Scotland, divided (as they practically are) in such manner. But it is, in our humble judgment, a real disadvantage to the laity, that there should be so very few clergy in Scotland of any denomination, who can meet them on something like terms of social equality. Nothing, we believe, astonishes a Scotch settler in England more than the temporal position of her deans, rectors, etc. How different, for example, in the two countries are the relations between the legal and clerical professions. In England, the barrister and the clergyman have probably met in the same university; and if both be destined to advancement in their respective callings, it is impossible to say which of them, at any given point of their career, may have the precedence. In Scotland the average barrister may generally patronize any one called *reverend*. Men answering to the English beneficed clergy are hardly known: and when we take into account the influence of secondary motives in the attainment of even the noblest and loftiest ends, we must be allowed to consider this circumstance as a real misfortune, far less to the pastors (whom it may save from at least one class of temptations), than to the flocks entrusted to their care.

Hugh Miller claims for Presbyterianism a large part in the development of the intellect of his countrymen. The claim must, we imagine, be allowed; even the very discussions to which Mr. Aird alludes, whatever be their effect upon the heart and conscience, must certainly tend to the nourishment of the critical faculty. Very admirable too, in many ways, are the Scotch national schools in connection with the establishment, and the corresponding correlative institutions of the free kirk. But in all other respects the English church appears to our (we own, not impartial) glance to be infinitely more effective as an agent of civilization. Of course we are not forgetting, that this is not the *primary* function of a religious communion. But we allude to it as a subject not uninteresting in

itself; and because we have avowedly abstained from any attempt to enter deeply at present into the more solemn problems which beset the theme. We know of English clergy, by fifties and by hundreds, who are impressing their parishes with the humanizing culture derived from their work, and from their position, as links between the rich and poor; but, despite the great activity of the ministers of the free kirk, we doubt the operation of any thing like a similar influence in Scotland.

It is natural to ask what spiritual food for the mind has been bestowed upon Scotland, by its richly endowed establishment? The answer must be, none whatever. In that very important function she has all but entirely failed: her students and her children have lived upon English theology. The English version of the Bible; the productions of English bishops (men whose very title was declared anti-Christian), such as Butler, Pearson, Bull, Jeremy Taylor; or again, of English priests, as Hooker, Donne, Trench, Keble,—are the staple of Scottish theological libraries. We might prove our assertions by the testimony of such impartial witnesses as Professor Blackie or Sir W. Hamilton, but it is hardly worth while to fortify a position which hardly any one will venture to attack.

It is no marvel if a system which has produced less theology than even English dissent, should be found to have shifted its position. The two most distinctive dogmas of the kirk originally were, its intense and sweeping Calvinism, and its assertion of the *jus divinum* of Presbytery. The former of these is undoubtedly much mitigated, so much so as to make it a serious question, whether Knox and Melville would accept the gloss now virtually put on the confession and catechisms; the second is being rapidly given up, as might be shown by the writings of men so different as Mr. Malcom Laing, the duke of Argyll, and Professor Tulloch. It is an anxious problem, which yet remains to be tested, whether such changes will conciliate thoughtful persons, or will open a wider door for forms of intellectual unbelief.

The Sunday question is one of far too great difficulty, both in theory and practice, to be entered upon in the present article. It will, if we hear aright, be treated (and we are sure most ably and conscientiously) before a learned body in England in the spring, *Deo volente*, of 1860. At present, we shall only

say, that in a country where really good and earnest men can teach, that it is wrong to play a chorus of Handel on the piano, or to take a quiet walk on the Lord's day, there seems to us reason to fear some great outbreak against religion altogether, or else a large development of the saddest hypocrisy. Under these circumstances, we are grieved, but in nowise surprised, at the tremendous consumption of whiskey, which has been *legally* proved to be a leading characteristic of the Scottish Sunday.

We have spoken with freedom, but we earnestly trust without bitterness, of what seems to us the defects of Scottish Presbyterianism, both within and without the pale of the establishment. But we must not be understood to deny that it is an instrument of great good, and that it is a most serious responsibility to attempt to shake any man's confidence in it, unless he who thus acts has a deep conviction that he is trying to lead the way to something better. Conscientious Roman Catholics of course believe this. They number, if we mistake not, some fifty thousand, made up partly from some inhabitants of remote districts, as in portions of Argyllshire, much more largely from Irish immigrants, and partly from a few noble houses, such as Lovat or Maxwell, with a few lady converts of title during recent years. It cannot, we think, be said that Rome has made much impress upon the country: while we write we see in the Glasgow papers an account of a testimonial given to a Roman Catholic priest in that city; but the gathering on the occasion was entirely Irish, and perhaps Lord Clarendon would probably find little occasion to alter his *dictum* concerning the majority of the Scotch of his day: "a great part of their religion consisting in an entire detestation of popery, in believing the pope to be antichrist, and hating perfectly the persons of all papists."*

And yet the bare and unpoetical character of Presbyterianism (admitted even by many of its adherents) might not unnaturally be expected by the very force of repulsion to send

* "History of the Great Rebellion," Book II. It is told of a Scotch sea-coast town, where some Spaniards—part of the great armada—were wrecked, that the Scotch [1] gave them food and shelter; [2] proved to them from Scripture that the pope was antichrist; [3] proposed the terms of a commercial treaty, whereby the said Scotch town should acquire certain commercial advantages over the rest of Britain in its trade with Spain. The story is, at any rate, eminently characteristic.

some spirits into the opposite extreme. The number of these would probably be unspeakably greater, but that another communion is at hand to arrest the steps of the wanderers.

This is not the place, nor are we the persons, to sing of the merits, or discuss in detail the weaknesses, of the Episcopal church of Scotland. There was indeed a day when her cause was abetted by persecution. Blended as that cause was with political doings, we are not, on that account, inclined to acquit it of all guilt in this matter. In Scotland—as where not?—each communion, as it got the upper hand, has persecuted others in turn. And the Episcopal church has known what it is to suffer. Far be it from us to revive the memory of the protracted retaliation exercised upon her. For the present such persecution sleeps: let it be forgotten and buried out of sight. It is hardly the mark of the highest temper to be ever, as it were, stirring the dying embers.* With Professor Aytoun, we abstain from the recital of such histories.

The territory of Scotland, as regards episcopacy, might perhaps be not unfairly classified in a threefold way. There are the districts, especially in the west, where episcopacy was, till within the last five-and-twenty years, regarded with deep abhorrence, and is still, with the many, an object of much dislike and contempt. There are the parts where, as in Edinburgh, it is in possession of the higher and most cultivated class. There is the region on the east, north of the river Tay (including Dundee and Aberdeen), where it has never been crushed out, but is thoroughly national.†

But this, we repeat, is not the place to speak of the deep affection of her children in one part, or the dangers of her being fashionable in another, or of the great moral courage which it requires in others for any layman to stand forth as a liberal patron and benefactor of her clergy. Not here shall be set down aught of her domestic history since her disestablishment by William III., or her

* It has been remarked in England, that while Neal's "History of the Puritans" is often reprinted, Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy" is wisely and charitably left unprinted by churchmen; and that while Baxter's works constantly refer to his imprisonment, we should hardly be able, from all the volumes of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, to find out that he, too, had been in a dungeon.

† Lord Lindsay attributes this to the Norwegian blood prominent in this part of Scotland—a curious ethnological question.

bold planting of a daughter church in the United States. Nor at this time shall we pause to contend, as we well might, that it is she, and not modern Presbyterianism, which now most truly teaches what Knox once taught on the subject of sacramental grace. Neither shall we dwell on those links with past ages which her ritual services supply; nor on the earnest sincerity of those converts of hers in the lower classes, who come to her with no prospect of earthly advantage, with little heed to the question of Church-government, but mostly because they have found in her services, in some hour of trouble, a solace and support which they had never before experienced.

But on a more external phase of the matter we may more fitly speak. Although the wise and noble were not in general the first glad recipients of the gospel, yet among its earliest teachers were a S. Paul and a S. Luke; among its converts, a Sergius Paulus, a Theophilus, a Dionysius, and a Damaris. Early in the history of the church did the heathen Pliny announce that he had found men of *every* rank among the professors of the new creed, and the Christian Tertullian made a similar announcement from Africa. Before long, as has been well shown by M. Guizot and others, it was found that Christianity was attracting to itself the philosophy and poetry, the wit, the argument, and the eloquence of the nations.

In this function Presbyterianism has been remarkably deficient. Its narrow and unimaginative system has failed to retain the refined and the intellectual viewed as a class. We are not now alluding to infidels like David Hume, who, of course, exist everywhere. But when Scotchmen come to number up the names in which they exult, as having spread the national glory far and wide, how comparatively few are those of attached and earnest supporters of Presbyterianism. Reid, the philosopher, was a Socinian. Even men like Robert Burns, Adam Smith, Principal George Campbell, and others, though nominally Presbyterians, openly avowed their dislike of many parts of the system. Professor Wilson, and Sir W. Hamilton were, to say the least, half Episcopalians. One really knows not what would have become of a large proportion of the Scottish aristocracy of intellect (any more than of their aristocracy of birth), had not a more enlarged and genial

communion stood ready to receive and foster them. A mere handful in numbers (some fifty thousand to two millions used to be the *ratio*); they have contributed to the literature and science of their native land an amount out of all proportion to their numbers. To that church belong Dr. John Arbuthnot, the wit of Queen Anne's day; the great creator of commercial law, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield; John Skinner, author of "Tullochgorum;" James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson; Dr. Pitcairn, famous as physician, poet, and wit (also *sub regno Annæ*); Bishop Robert Keith, of Edinburgh; James, the poet of the "Sabbath;" the grammarian and scholar, Thomas Ruddiman; the field-marshal and statesman of Prussia, James Keith; the last Earl of Marischal, George Keith; the man who made the glories of his country known to Christendom at large, Sir Walter Scott; his accomplished son-in-law and biographer, John Gibson Lockhart; one of the most humane and greatest of all physiologists, Sir Charles Bell, and George Joseph Bell, the lawyer; the fairest, perhaps, and most conscientious of all her historians, Patrick Fraser Tytler; the greatest of all botanists since Linnæus, Dr. Robert Brown, of the British Museum; the late Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, Dr. Nicol; Dr. Bell, founder of the Madras school; Mr. Gleig, the author of the "Subaltern," now Chaplain-General of the Forces; Professors Kelland, Innes, and Laycock, of Edinburgh; Professors Grub and Ogilvy, of Aberdeen; the wit and poet, Professor Aytoun; the metaphysician, Professor Ferrier, of S. Andrews; the antiquary, Professor Skene, of Glasgow, (may we not add another eminent antiquary, Mr. Cosmo Innes?) and that admirable scholar, Professor Ramsay; and the late much respected Professor of Greek, Sir Daniel Sandford. And hers, too, is the graceful purity and chivalrous feeling that breathe from the pages of Lord Lindsay; the historic lore and skill in art displayed by Mr. Stirling, of Keir, and Lord Elcho. To her belong Lady Anne Lindsay, author of "Auld Robin Gray," and other touching ballads; and Miss Catherine Sinclair, whose "Modern Accomplishments and Modern Society" display (to say nothing of the excellence of their tone) a sprightliness of dialogue and brilliance of repartee quite unsurpassed by any similar production in England; and

the author of that history, which, with whatever defects it may be charged, must ever remain a perfect storehouse of exact information most lucidly arranged and most impartially set forth, Sir Archibald Alison; the Coryphæus of those who have attempted to circulate valuable and innocent knowledge among the people, Mr. Robert Chambers; and the famous antiquary, George Chalmers, the author of "Caledonia." Hers, too, have been theologians such as "Gadderar, Sage, Campbell, Rattray, the most learned British divines of the eighteenth century;" and Bishop William Forbes, of Edinburgh, and the saintly-minded Archbishop Leighton. Oh! is it well for Scotchmen, who take delight in the glories of their native land, to speak with scorn and contumely of the spiritual mother of such sons as these? *

Such are some of the few aspects of Scotland as gazed on by an English eye. Deeply conscious are we that the glance is not that of a particularly keen-sighted or impartial vision; but some allowance may be made for one who, without any lofty pretensions, has wandered over comparatively untrodden ground. Almost with the Roman of old may we exclaim, in well-known words,—

"Avia Pieridum peragro loco, nullius ante
Trita solo :"

but we will not add with him that we delight to pluck its flowers,—

"Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam."
We neither expect nor seek such coronal; enough, if we have indicated some paths which

* Students of recent works on the history and antiquities of Scotland must have constantly met the name of one gentleman, to whom the various authors almost invariably make acknowledgment: we mean that of one, who is perhaps the first among her living antiquaries—Joseph Robertson, Esq., of the Register Office, Edinburgh. Its omission from the above hastily drawn-up (and therefore probably imperfect) list, may suggest to some one the idea that assistance from this quarter has been obtained by the writer. Such inference would not be wholly incorrect; although Mr. Robertson has not seen a single sentence of this article before its publication, and might probably dissent from several of its positions; yet it is so impossible to have disengaged any part of the subject with him, even in brief conversations, without the greatest advantage, that we cannot refrain from adding our very humble tribute to the multitude he has already received. With many a student of history and antiquities, we may express our admiration at a fulness and exactness of knowledge, ever imparted with the utmost liberality and courtesy to all who seek to draw from its stores; with many a brother Churchman, our deep sense of a zeal and wisdom that are prized alike by clergy and by laity.

others may tread with more success. Much has been left untouched. The Highlands, with their Celtic population and deep problems of political economy, largely discussed in the *Edinburgh Review*, and touched on (in an opposite spirit) by the novelist, Mr. Grant, and in the graceful tale of the "Rona Pass;" the degree of honor paid to Walter Scott in his own country, somewhat less, Mrs. Stowe thinks, than she expected—a phenomenon for which she partially (but only partially) accounts; the work and position of the first *Edinburgh Reviewers*, a subject treated with much ability, but by no means exhausted, by Mr. Walter Bagshot;—these and numberless similar themes are left by us to other hands.

On the general questions here glanced at, the reader may obtain much information from the works at the head of this article. We might also recommend Lord Lindsay's delightful "Lives of the Lindsays," and any of the publications of Mr. Robert Chambers, as e.g. his "Memorials of Edinburgh." As for the letters and poetry of Burns and the Waverley Novels, with their rich store of appended notes, *cela va sans dire*. The less pleasing features of Scottish domestic life of some fifty years since, may be seen in Galt's powerful novel, the "Entail;" a more modern and more gratifying portraiture in Miss Muloch's "Head of the Family." The papers on Scotland, in *Fraser's Magazine* during the last few years, especially such as are evidently from North-British pens ("Glasgow down the Water" *et similia*), have been very excellent, while the lighter touches of national manners and modes of thought have been furnished by the gifted editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, with a good humor and playfulness of wit, which often follow, at no inordinate distance, in the track of Scott himself.

It were contrary to time-honored custom to write any thing on Scotland without quoting her historian's famous dictum, respecting the *præfervidum Scotorum ingenium*. Now of the elegance of Buchanan's scholarship, and the general felicity of his epithets, there can be no question; and yet—not without some feeling of alarm at our own boldness—we do venture to express a doubt whether this thousand-times repeated description does exactly convey to the ear of the stranger a precise characterization of the Scottish temperament. (Mr. Robert Chambers, we observe in passing, so far helps us in that he assigns the

epithet to the Celtic element in the compound organization of his countrymen.) The celebrated phrase would suggest the idea of a feverish, impatient, and perhaps changeable temper, like that of the Athenians or the Parisians, instead of the tenacious, persevering, and indomitable energy of Scotland. Rather, with much diffidence, would we suggest the fitness of the words applied to Brutus of yore; "*Quicquid vult, id valde vult.*" Intensity, alike in good and evil, is, we imagine, the leading feature of the national character. This it was that struck us after a few years' residence; this it was which (we afterwards found) struck Lord Macaulay in studying one part of Scotch history, and subsequently Mr. Froude when studying another and earlier portion of the same history.

Those who are furthest from the acceptance of the general views of these eminent writers, may yet, we suppose, in this case admit the force and justice of their eloquent descriptions.* How far this intensity reaches, and what are its limits, we must leave to others to discuss. It may be (we do not pretend to judge) that Scotch exclusives are superlatively exclusive, and more likely than any others of our day, to drive those of a lower grade, by the force of reaction, into radicalism. It may be, that the English sharper almost invariably finds himself outwitted in Edinburgh. It may be, that the Scot, who does combine high professions of religion with unscrupulousness in business, becomes more deeply dyed with hypocrisy than his neighbors. But sure we are, that the intensity is not in one direction only. England boasts, and not without cause, of the affection of her domestic hearths; and yet even England must probably, in this respect, succumb to her northern sister. *Something* have we seen of Scottish family life in almost every rank; and the concord and devotedness of affection cannot possibly, we think, be outdone. The same intensity may be traced, as has been intimated, in the display of many other virtues, as courage, hardihood, endurance, perseverance. Even many of their faults border upon great merits. If they are proud, let us ask what nation of men so independent is free from pride; if they are intolerant, let us think well whether a merely easy

going latitudinarianism would ever have reared and sustained the very wonderful fabric of the Free Kirk.

From the judgment of England upon Scotland there lies an appeal to Europe and the world at large. Far be it from us to argue, as a famous Scotchman (Mr. Carlyle) seems to do, that worldly success is any proof of a special blessing from above; but something there must be of marvellous strength of will and perseverance and versatility in a race tried in so many times and climes, and not found wanting. Think how many Caledonian surnames gem the lists of our Anglo-Indian statesmen and warriors. In the middle ages, Scotch teachers of philosophy were sought abroad (Joannes Duns Scotus was probably Caledonian); and in our own day the prince of modern German metaphysicians, Emmanuel Kant, was of Scotch extraction. From Scotland sprang that paragon, the admirable Crichton, once thought a mythical personage, but proved by Tytler to be a reality. Hers were Bellenden and Adamson, and (by descent) the author of *Argenis*, Barclay. Thirteen Scotch regiments served under Gustavus Adolphus, as others, too often (before and since), did good service to the crown of France. William Paterson, the originator of the Bank of England was Scotch; and so was Cromwell's able ambassador at Paris, Sir William Lockhart. If Law, of the South Sea Bubble, wrought his country no small disgrace in Paris, at least the British ambassador of the day (Lord Stair) held aloof from Law, when in the zenith of his power. Hers, too, are the gallant and chivalrous Keiths; and the great engraver, Sir Robert Strange; and Sir Alexander Mitchell, our ambassador to Frederick the Great.* Wonderful it is, too, to remember, that the most successful retreat made before the greatest of modern captains (that of the Russians, in 1812), was conducted by a commander of Scottish descent, Barclay de Tolly; and that, among all the far-famed names of the marshals on the opposing side, under Napoleon, the one who yielded to none in valor, and surpassed all in humanity, and good faith, was a warrior who bore a time-honored and historic Scottish name, a scion of the house of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles.

* Lord Macaulay's is, we think, in Vol. III., and Mr. Froude's in the opening pages of Vol. III. of his history.

* See, for many details, the spirited papers in *Blackwood*, in the spring of 1856, entitled, the "Scot Abroad," to which we must acknowledge our obligations.

Some of our English friends resident in Scotland will, we know, accuse us of being too favorable. We have neither time nor space left to defend ourselves, by anticipation, from their attacks. But if from any Scottish readers a very different charge should proceed, let them remember, how worthless, after all, is indiscriminating eulogy; let them, in charity, give us credit for a real desire to be honest

and truthful, and be assured that our good wishes are thoroughly with the land they love. May she flourish alike by flood and fell, in village and in city, more especially in her two capitals—the metropolis of rank and law and art, the metropolis of wealth and commercial enterprise. *Floreat Edina; floreat Glasgow; floreat universa Caledonia!*

A FIELD FOR SPORTSMEN is opened up in the last number of the *Comptes Rendus* of the sittings of the French Academy, which contains a curious and startling communication from M. de Castelnau, French Consul at Siam, with respect to the abundance of tigers in the island of Singapore. He says:—"In the little island whence I write this letter the statistics of the police show that, on an average, a man per day is devoured by these terrible animals; and as the Chinese and Malays, who are almost the sole victims, seldom report to the magistrates the disappearance of their friends, we may without fear of exaggeration, presume that about seven hundred persons are annually devoured in a single island which has but a few leagues of surface. The most curious fact is, that when the English established themselves at Singapore, about forty years ago, it was on record among the Malay fishermen who inhabited it that no tiger had ever been seen there, and in fact, during the first five or six years none appeared; but, contrary to what one would have supposed, in proportion as the island obtained a considerable population, it received a numerous emigration of tigers, which swam across the Straits of Malacca." M. de Castelnau relates an extraordinary instance of the audacity of these formidable brutes, which appear to have become emboldened by the cowardice of the natives. Forty or fifty men had formed a sort of village in an island; a band of tigers swam to attack them, and, in spite of a desperate resistance, carried off twenty of the inhabitants of the village. Although a considerable premium is paid for every tiger's head, the natives dare not hunt them, and it is rare even that they attempt to defend themselves when attacked.

NEVER was a truer thing said than that the Roman Catholic clergy are the curse of Ireland. The misgovernment of England has done something to retard her progress. The miserable parliamentary tactics of her members have done more. But no tongue can describe the fatal incubus which weighs her down in the shape of her priests. They have a wide-spread influence which they uniformly abuse. They have not

educated their flocks—they have not even educated themselves. They are the enemies of all social reform and intellectual enlightenment. In unnatural concert with their extreme opponents, the Irish Evangelicals, they are this moment endeavoring to crush a system of national education which, though not perfect, would work well were it only let alone. If Irish bishops and archbishops are wise, they will hold their peace during this Italian crisis, and not attract attention to the spectacle that the Church of Rome presents in their unhappy island. The cause of his holiness will not be benefited by any of the sympathies or recollections that their violence may awaken. Such clerical agitators had far better spend their time in profiting by the sights that they see upon the Continent in these latter days. They may learn from observation that spiritual authority cannot always be maintained by the earthly weapons of political intrigue. The time is past for those assumptions of municipal positions and prestige which were well enough suited to the days of Theodosius. Originally strong because she seemed to be a protest against mere material force and an assertion of some diviner law, the Romish Church has long supported herself by temporal influence and an alliance with reactionary ideas. The ground is sinking under her. She is not based, as far as political foundations go, upon a rock. That she will not abandon her predominance without a struggle is probable. She is capable, if she chooses, of producing a great convulsion throughout the civilized world. There are still forces underlying Continental society which are sufficient to revive an era of agitation and crusade. But the silent and sure growth of individual thought, and the love of independence, which are characteristics of modern civilization, will sooner or later compel her to modify her institutions, and to take up a new position. It is not likely that the papal system will pass away, but it is more than likely that it will suffer change.—*Saturday Review*, 22 Oct.

[Suppose there was nothing in their place: Would Ireland be better of their absence?—*Living Age*.]

From The Eclectic Review.
AVALANCHES.

ACCORDING to Byron, an avalanche is a "thunderbolt of snow."

Travellers are frequently disappointed on witnessing the spectacle. Brought into cheating proximity by the purity of the air, and deluded by the colossal proportions of a mountain landscape, they have been known to treat the phenomenon as one of a very trumpery description. Even poetical minds find it difficult to believe that the white spirt and thin streak which suddenly appear on a distant rock are the true representatives of the deadliest missiles contained in the arsenal of Frost. "From some jutting knob, of the size of a cricket ball," says Talfourd, "a handful of snow is puffed into the air, and lower down, on the neighboring slant, you observe veins of white substance creaming down the crevices—like the tinsel streams in the distance of a pretty scene in an Easter melodrama, quickened by a touch of magic wand—and then a little cloud of snow, as from pelting fairies, rises from the frostwork basin; and then a sound as of a thunder-clap!—all is still and silent—and this is an avalanche! If you can believe this—can realize the truth that snow and ice have just been dislodged, in power to crush a human village, you may believe in the distance at which you stand from the scene, and that your eye is master of icy precipices embracing ten miles perpendicular ascent; but it is a difficult lesson, and the disproportion between the awful sound and the pretty sight, rendered it harder."* Occasionally, however, the spectacle is exhibited on a scale so splendid, that the cravings of the most anxious sight-seer are fully appeased. Crossing the Wengern Alp, directly in front of the Jungfrau, whose precipitous flanks are famous for their snow-falls, Dr. Cheever was privileged to behold two glorious specimens. "One cannot command any language (says he) to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence. You are standing far below, gazing up to where the great disc of the glittering Alp cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly, an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps

two thousand feet, is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow, rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it delighted, as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then flows the whole cataract over the gulf with a still louder roar of echoing thunder. Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the face of the mountain, with an awful majestic slowness, and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice, like the slide down the Pilatus, of which Playfair has given so powerfully graphic a description. Here its progress is slower, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments as they drop out of sight, with a dead weight, into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there forever."*

Avalanches admit of a certain classification. First, there are those which consist of snow recently fallen, and therefore loosely compacted. Set in motion by the first competent wind which arises, the powdery mass is impelled down the mountain declivities, shrouded in its own white spray, until it finds a lodgment in some cleft or hollow of the rock. Comparatively harmless as these "drift avalanches" are, the mere rush of air they occasion has been known to whisk a vehicle containing thirteen persons over the brow of a precipice.

Class number two comprehends the rolling avalanches. These are literally great snowballs formed of snow partially thawed, and therefore reduced to such a clammy state that the missile gradually increases in bulk as it advances. Schoolboys would be delighted to stand on the summit of a lofty hill, and mould a lump which would pick up fresh material at

* Cheever's "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc."

* Talfourd's "Vacation Rambles and Thoughts."

every step of its progress, until, issuing from the region of perpetual winter, it crashed through the forests and exploded like a monster shell before it could reach the floor of the valley. Travellers who slide down mountains like the Slidehorn, or who indulge up playful excursions on a Russian ice-hill, can form some idea of the tremendous impetus which these projectiles acquire. Should a poor chalet stop the way, the frail fabric dissolves in a shower of chips, and the occupants are destroyed ere they have time to mutter a prayer. It was by a fall of this description that eighty-four persons were killed in 1820, at Ober Gestelen, in the Canton Wallis, and now lie interred in the same grave.

Avalanche number three is produced by the thawing of snow in consequence of the sun's heat, or the warmth of the winds. The water which percolates through the bed renders the rock slippery, and destroys the adhesion of the mass. Resting upon an inclined plane, whole sheets are thus set in motion, and away they glide, heaping up the material before them in great waves, and then pouring over precipices in broad, majestic cascades—Niagaras of snow." This species of avalanche is termed the "sliding," to distinguish it from the last, or "rolling" avalanche.

There is another form of the phenomenon. When the summer sun is playing hotly upon a glacier, it must frequently lose some of the tall, overhanging blocks which give such a jagged but piquant look to these frozen streams. Shattered into atoms by the fall, the particles stream down the slope until their march is arrested by some obstacle, or their momentum is gradually exhausted. Passing along the far-famed Vale of Chamouni the other day, we had the good fortune to witness an admirable sample of number four. Suddenly the deep-toned snap which denotes that an avalanche is about to descend—the signal given by the mountains when they are preparing to launch their thunderbolts of snow—was heard from the foot of the Mer de Glace. Down toppled a crag of ice. It broke into millions of fragments. The course of the white stream was distinctly visible to the eye, whilst the ear listened eagerly for the grand rushing noise, which distance, however, subdued into a hail-like rustle. In a moment all was still again, except the hiss of the cascade and the clamor of the furious Arve "raving ceaselessly." But to judge of the

terrors of an ice-fall, you must grapple with it on closer terms. "We had reached a position," says Professor Tyndall, in his account of an ascent of the Glacier du Géant, "where massive ice-cliffs protected us on one side, while in front of us was a space more open than any we had yet passed; the reason being that the ice-avalanches had chosen it for their principal path. We had just stepped upon this space, when a peal above us brought us to a stand. Crash! crash! crash! nearer and nearer, the sound becoming more continuous and confused as the descending masses broke into smaller blocks. Onward they came! boulders, half a ton and more in weight, leaping down with a kind of maniacal fury, as if their sole mission was to crush the seracs to powder. Some of them, on striking the ice, rebounded like elastic balls, described parabolas through the air, again madly smote the ice, and scattered its dust like clouds in the atmosphere. Some blocks were deflected by their collision with the glacier, and were carried past us within a few yards of the spot where we stood. I had never before witnessed an exhibition of force at all comparable to this, and its proximity rendered that fearful which at a little distance would have been sublime."*

Now, abrupt and capricious as snowfalls may appear, they have their times and seasons, like many a sedate phenomenon. Those of the first class generally occur when winter commences; the last are limited to the months of summer. Numbers two and three usually reserve their strength for the spring, because then the fetters of frost begin to relax: and when avalanches are in season on any particular mountain, the hours of descent on its several sides may be ascertained with tolerable precision. From ten to twelve is your time, if you wish to witness an exhibition on the eastern slope; from twelve to two on the southern; from three to six on the western; and still later in the day if you expect to enjoy a northern discharge. It need scarcely be said that this regularity of action is due to the influence of the sun. Some avalanches, too, have beaten tracks; so that, by attending to the rules which govern their launching, the peasants not only know when to look out for squalls, but can traverse their

* "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers. A Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club." Edited by John Ball.

paths without danger. Nor is man wholly powerless against these rushing monsters, for in some cases he can control their fury, or even guide them harmlessly away. In certain localities which are much haunted by avalanches, stout posts have been driven into the ground, in the neighborhood of their breeding-place, or embankments thrown up at perilous points, in order to divert their course, and induce them to travel in ruts of comparative safety. Some bold peasants have even ventured to build their houses, or store-huts, in the very teeth of the glacier, defending the edifices by high walls, which are furnished with jutting angles, in the hope that these will divide the snow-torrent like wedges, and compel it to flow innocuously past. Others have been known to surround their elevated sheds with sloping bulwarks, which they sprinkle with water; so that, when frozen smooth, the mountain missiles may glide over the building without injury. In some places the grass is left unmown, in order that the blades, when stiffened with frost, may serve as frail pegs to detain the winter snow; in others, the inhabitants are forbidden to cut trees within the protecting belt of forest. On many roads you pass through galleries hewn out of the solid rock, at points where the avalanche is known to stalk; and here and there, as at Leukerbad, which is provided with a rampart nearly seven hundred feet long and seventeen high, you find a village fortified against this subtle foe as carefully as ancient towns used to be against military engines and human depredators.

One peculiar feature in the proceedings of an avalanche is the blast by which it is accompanied. Driving the air before it with great velocity, a considerable commotion must necessarily be produced in the atmosphere. Probably the effects have been greatly overrated, but the mischief occasioned by these terrible visitors sometimes assumes a form which can only be explained on the principle of aerial concussion. Trees are frequently stripped or levelled on each side of their track, though standing far beyond the reach of the hurrying snow. "The current of air," says Friedrich Körner, "extends many hundred paces beyond the lawine, and overshoots it with a violence which the solid cliffs can scarcely resist. The strongest trees are torn to strips, men and animals are hurled into the abyss, or borne unhurt to some neighboring ridge;

houses are unroofed, and beams, lumps of ice, and fragments of stone are sent clattering through the air." * It is stated that the eastern spire of the convent of Dissentis was prostrated by the breath of an avalanche, which dashed past the place at the distance of a quarter of a mile. On the 27th of December, 1819, an enormous mass swept down into the valley of the Visp from the Biesgletscher, as if eager to devour the little hamlet of Randa, which lies on the opposite slope. Fortunately the vast missile took a direction to the north of the village, marking its path with a spray of icy fragments and lumps of stone, which desolated the neighboring fields for the time. The curé of the parish was awakened by a shock which tossed up his bed as if a young earthquake were gambolling in his apartment. A terrible rush of wind succeeded, and this was supposed to be the recoil of the air from the rocks which fronted the avalanche. Chimneys were thrown down; roofs were peeled from the houses; the garnered hay was whirled up the mountain side, or strewn over the woods; a timber hovel, containing a couple of old women, was carried bodily to a distance of more than a hundred yards, without inflicting any injury upon its occupants; and upwards of a hundred buildings were damaged or destroyed. When Leukerbad—so famous for its steaming tanks, filled with a promiscuous throng of invalids, who present one of the uncouthest spectacles we have ever witnessed—was invaded by an avalanche in the year 1719, four of its inhabitants were whisked into the air, and transported by the blast to some distant meadows, where their corpses were subsequently discovered.

Frantic, however, as these great masses of snow may appear in their movements, there is at times something excessively quaint in their doings. A forest growing on one side of the valley of Calanca, in the Canton of the Grisons, was torn up by an avalanche, and conveyed to the other, where it was left standing as if on its native site. Apparently by way of frolic, a fir-tree was hoisted to the top of the parsonage house, and planted there as a souvenir of the visit. In 1800, an avalanche dashed into the valley of Vorder Rhein, near Trons, crossed it to the opposite slope, destroying many trees and chalets in its progress; then rebounded, mounting the decliv-

* "Die Wunder der Winter Welt." Von Friedrich Körner.

ity which it had just descended ; and thus oscillated until at the fourth vibration it fell upon Trons, where it expended the residue of its wrath. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Rueras, in the valley of Tawich, in the same canton, went to sleep as usual on a certain evening in the year 1749, but on awaking next morning they found themselves enveloped in darkness. Concluding that the sun had not yet risen, they waited for the coming of the day. The day, however, came not. Surprised at its postponement, some of them went to their doors, and discovered, to their great horror, that their houses were buried in snow. An avalanche had swept them away in the night, yet so gently that their rest had not been disturbed. Assistance being rendered, sixty persons were rescued, but forty had already perished.

Many a wonderful case of deliverance from the jaws of the avalanche might be related. The store-hut of a herdsman in the Canton Wallis was overwhelmed by a fall from the Diablere-Gletscher—himself being in the place at the time. The roof groaned and gradually bent beneath the load, whilst the poor trembling owner, covering in one corner, awaited the moment of fracture. At last all was still, but it was the frightful stillness of a living grave. After a while, by dint of great exertion, the captive contrived to force an opening through the side of the hovel ; but, on endeavoring to probe the snow with a pole, he found that its thickness precluded all reasonable expectation of escape. Dismayed, he shrank back into his hut, and prepared himself to die of hunger and suffocation. Horrible were the hours he spent in solitude and despair. Recovering a little, however, he resolved to make a vigorous struggle for life. He seized his hatchet and began to excavate a path. The snow and ice were so compact, that excessive labor was required, and the great blocks of stone which the poor man encountered, compelled him to make frequent *détours*. Returning to the hut when exhausted, and supporting himself by means of some cheese which he had in store—the air contained in the crevices of the snow affording sufficient pabulum for the lungs—he persisted in his task until the edge of the axe was worn away. How time flitted in the world beyond, he could not conjecture ; but reckoning by his meals, he concluded that six weeks had already elapsed, when at length

the material about him became spongier in its texture, and from this circumstance he drew brighter auguries of release. Dig, dig—on he proceeded with his blunted weapon, until at the expiration of another fortnight he emerged from his prison-house, and stood, with torn clothes, swollen face, and lacerated limbs in presence of the setting sun ! The joy of that moment was worth half a lifetime of woe. Rapidly he made his way into the valley, and soon reached the door of the cottage where his wife and family resided. By this time it was dark. He looked through the window, tapped gently, and murmured the words, “ Open, Maria ! thy husband yet lives : he is here.” But nine weeks of absence had constrained the inmates to regard him as dead, and the sight of that excoriated countenance, with its two wild staring eyes peering through the casemate, extorted a cry of terror. Believing that they were troubled by an apparition, they ejaculated a prayer to the Virgin for protection, and fastened both window and door upon the glowering phantom. All attempts to obtain admittance being vain, the peasant proceeded to the house of the curé, who, on hearing the marvellous tale, gave the poor wife his guarantee that the visitor was no goblin, but a genuine husband, composed, like other husbands, of veritable flesh and blood.

But if a soft substance like snow is thus appalling in its effects, what must be the case when the avalanche consists of huge masses of rock ? Almost every Alpine valley is strewn with great boulders, which have been torn from the neighboring cliffs, and hurled, amidst smoke and thunder, into the smiling pastures beneath. The sides of the hills are scored by stony streams, which look as if they had cut their way through the fine forest zones, and then been arrested at a stroke. Occasionally an entire mountain-top may be said to give way. Let it rest in an inclined position upon a bed of soft, slippery material, like clay, and if the water should wash out sufficient soil to affect its stability, down it will rush, with that awful impetus which sweeps away men as if they were motes, and mows down whole villages as if they were grass under the scythe. The Rossberg landslip is one of black memory in the history of Switzerland. From the summit of the Righi, the eye may observe the huge scar which was made in this ill-omened mountain upwards of

fifty years ago; and though the spectator stands in the presence of an army of hills, such as the world cannot well match—though he sees the sun kindle each distant peak, with a light which seems unearthly in its beauty, though glancing downwards, he perceives the morning mists floating with snowy wings over each fair lake and stream, like guardian spirits hovering over their sleeping charges,—and who that has once hung over that magical map will forget its varied fascinations?—yet, if the gazer has learnt the story of the catastrophe of Arth, he will turn with a shudder to the terrible wound still gaping in the landscape, and sorrowfully track the course of the great furrow along which Death drove his ploughshare, in September, 1806. On the second of that month, about five o'clock in the afternoon, according to Dr. Zay,* who witnessed the scene, the upper part of the mountain seemed to be set in motion. A mass of earth and rock, three miles in length, a thousand feet in breadth, and a hundred in depth, swept madly into the vale beneath, crushing three villages wholly, and a fourth partially, beneath its stony billows. Part of the *débris* was hurled into the lake of La-wertz, at a distance of five miles, where it filled up one extremity, and produced a wave upwards of sixty feet in height, which deluged the villages on its shores. Flights of stones, some of them of enormous dimensions, swept through the air like showers of cannon-balls. Torrents of mud accompanied the eruption. Few escaped who were entrapped. Seven travellers from Berne, entering Goldau just at the time of the slip, were buried in the ruins. Between three and four hundred buildings of various kinds were destroyed, and upwards of four hundred and fifty human beings perished. A few minutes (not more than five) sufficed for this terrible transaction. At one moment the landscape lay placid and beautiful in the lap of the treacherous mountain; at another its loveliness had vanished, and nothing remained but a number of shapeless hillocks, beneath which hundreds of men and women had been sadly and suddenly sepulchred.

There are avalanches of mud also. A heavy shower of rain—and showers are no dainty drizzles in mountain regions—brings down a torrent of clayey material mixed with

stones, and the viscid stream rolls on until it reaches some low level, where it converts the landscape into a sort of Irish bog. Travellers entertain a strong objection to this dirty phenomenon. The repairers of roads feel themselves greatly aggrieved by its appearance, and regard it as a highly indictable demonstration. Not long ago, after passing through the grotesque old town of Altorf, where William Tell shot the famous apple from his son's head—and the site of this renowned piece of archery is still indicated by two fountains—we traversed a stream of mud which had recently arrested the progress of vehicles, and still required the services of numerous laborers to keep the highway practicable. The adjoining orchards and pastures had been inundated by the filthy tide, and chalets lay miserably imbedded in the stiffening compound. On the road from Grindelwald to Interlachen, however, we were compelled to make the acquaintance of a mud avalanche on more provoking terms. After proceeding a few miles beyond the former place, the voiture was brought to a sudden halt. Entertaining some doubts respecting the perfect sanity of our charioteer, whose frantic management of the drag, down hill, would have made a good point in any commission of lunacy, we were half prepared for some nice little catastrophe. What should it be? Was the vehicle—apparently as infirm a production as the Shem-and-Ham buggy over which Sydney Smith made so merry—about to founder disgracefully in the high-road? Were we to be hurled into the meadows below? And, in that case, should we be let off with a sprained ankle, or must a leg and a couple of ribs be inexorably broken? Or had some real live bandit rushed out of his den, and ordered our coachman—himself a bandit on the box—to surrender his fare at discretion? On looking out, however, it appeared that several carriages before us had been brought to a similar stand. The cause was soon ascertained to be a mud torrent, which lay across the road like a huge black snake. Well, why not try to drive through it? The *voituriers* declared it to be impossible. Then, why not procure implements, and attempt to clear a path? The *voituriers* looked at you compassionately, as if you were insane. Or could we not be permitted to pass over the neighboring fields? The *voituriers* seemed indignant. In short, these gentry were of

* "Goldau und seine Gegend." Von Dr. Karl Zay.

opinion, one and all, that the whole file of carriages, with their passengers—French, English, Germans, Russians—must return to Grindelwald for the night; that is, in plain terms, every one must hand over a little more money to the hotel-keepers of the place, and next day pay a further fee to the cormorant coachmen themselves. Now, there is undoubtedly great pleasure in being cheated—that point is settled upon good authority; but the joy of the operation consists in its being executed neatly, skilfully, handsomely, and with a subtle sort of audacity which floors whilst it fascinates. You must be tickled at the same time that you are plundered. Metaphorically speaking, a good practitioner in the art will throw you into a pleasing state of being, by drawing a feather to and fro under your chin with one hand, whilst he plunges the other deep into your pocket. But here the artifice was too transparent. The voituriers resigned themselves so meekly to the terrors of that mud torrent—which a few British “navvies” would have vanquished in a trice—that several of the travellers resolved to abandon their vehicles, though a storm was obviously impending, and prosecute their journey on foot. Fortunately, after an hour’s walk, carriages were found at the village of Zweilütschinen; and with the rain hissing around us, and the lightning gleaming incessantly on the brawling river beside us, we arrived late in the evening at the beautiful little town of Interlachen.

Shall we say then that the avalanche is wholly a pestilent and malignant thing? At the first glance it might seem to have no other mission in nature but to scourge and destroy. Like some fierce dragon of fabled time, the white monster lies ambushed in its mountain lair till the moment comes when it

can pounce upon its human prey, and strew the green valley beneath with ruin and death. Then, moved by a sound or a sunbeam, with a roar which rouses every echo, and a rush which vies in speed with the lightning’s flight, shrouding its huge form in the foam which it scatters from its sides, as charging squadrons veil themselves in the dust and smoke of battle—it dashes headlong into the haunts of men, hurling their frail fabrics to the ground with the blast of its breath, and strangling whole communities in its stern, icy embrace. But its path is not always deadly. Hundreds of avalanches fall harmlessly each day. Nature indeed has need of their services. They are her true retainers, and must be allowed to take rank amongst her liveried phenomena. For, were the vapor which is precipitated as snow above the frontier line of perpetual congelation permitted to accumulate, much valuable fluid would be withdrawn from the great system of aqueous circulation, and locked up in localities where there is neither man, nor beast, nor herb to profit by the store. But the avalanche is ever relieving the crags of their load, and transporting it from the peak to the plain. There, dissolved by the warm atmosphere of the valleys, the ground gladly drinks in the soft drops, and repays the blessing by the smiling swards of summer and the golden crops of autumn. Thus the slow-footed glacier, crawling down the mountain side with sure but imperceptible step, and the winged avalanche, whose swoop is swifter than eye can follow, are both engaged in the same important task; for the charge which has been given to them as sworn servitors, is that they should convey to the regions of human life and industry the surplus of those snowy deposits which would lie valueless if simply hoarded amongst the everlasting hills.

ANCIENT CHINESE COIN.—There is quite a curiosity in this line at the Missionary Rooms on Pemberton Square. One of the missionaries to China lately sent them home for the inspection of the “outside barbarians” in this country. They have been collected with great care, and many of them are specimens of the antique, such as few, if any, in this land, ever placed their eyes upon. They are arranged on five or six pasteboard cards, in the order of the periods of time in which they were used.

Ending with 1851, they go back to a period more than 200 years before Christ, and there are one or more specimens for each century back to that remote period. They vary in size from our half cent to the size of our dollar, a few some-

what larger. All of them have a square orifice through the centre, and each has Chinese hieroglyphics, indicating, as we suppose, the period when used, and perhaps the reigning emperor.

It is a matter of no small interest to look on those coins, which once tinkled in the pockets of the Celestials, some of them two thousand years ago. Each has had a history, some of the more ancient ones an interesting history, as they were a part of the wealth of different individuals through sixty generations of men. How many eyes have been upon them! How many fingers have grasped them! How many hearts have been gladdened by the gain of them—how many saddened by the loss of them!—*Boston Traveller, October 3.*

From The New Monthly Magazine.
THE LONG NIGHT IN '37.
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I.

ON the 29th September, 1837, an hour or two after nightfall, I took my seat in the Oxford mail. I was the only inside passenger, and my thoughts were quickly occupied with my own affairs, particularly with my prospects of a speedy union to a young lady whom I shall call Agatha Courtenay. We had been attached since our mutual childhood, and her father, although forbidding our immediate engagement, had promised me her hand upon my being admitted into orders:—I was now returning to Oxford to pass my final examination. Turning these matters over in my mind, I fell into a profound sleep.

Either from fatigue or some other cause, I did not awake until eight o'clock on the following morning. I ascertained the hour by my watch, but did not at first observe what had enabled me to do so. Recovering my perceptions after a few seconds, I was greatly astonished to find that it was not day, but a clear, bright moonlight.

"My watch must have gained greatly," I said; "and yet I seem to have slept for several hours. It is very singular." I now too observed for the first time that the coach was moving at a pace unusually slow:—it could hardly be called motion. I jumped out, and found that we were on a bare common, with no visible reason for the stoppage; indeed, the horses were apparently trotting, but neither they nor the coach made any perceptible progress. There were two or three outside passengers, who seemed dozing; the driver was awake, and I called to him to explain what was the matter. His only reply was an indistinct, habbling sound, of which I could make nothing. Thinking the man was intoxicated, I ran to the horses' heads, and endeavored to quicken them into a faster pace, but without success. A deadly shudder, the prelude of some fatal disaster, ran through my frame, but I endeavored to shake it off. "This is all nonsense, Alan," I said to myself; "you have been working too hard of late; your brain is excited, and presents you with erroneous impressions. A sharp walk on this frosty night will set all to rights." I strode forward from the droning vehicle, and followed the road at a brisk pace, enjoying the cool air and exercise.

The remedy however failed to dispel my illusions, or rather, it confirmed them as realities. My watch might have been in error;—the milestones could not possibly be. I was a good walker and passed eight of these in succession, which I knew must have occupied two hours. Accordingly, my watch stood now at ten o'clock; but the character of the night remained unchanged. The moon, particularly, was precisely where I had seen it two hours before, on the edge of a line of sand-hills at some distance. Another circumstance convinced me that what had passed was no unreality;—I felt most unequivocal signs of hunger. By this time, I should have been at breakfast in my own rooms at Oriel!

This latter sensation superseded all others. The last milestone had showed me that I was not far from W——, a town two stages from the place where I had joined the mail. I pushed forward, and soon descended some rising grounds into the town. As I entered it, I caught sight of the illuminated dial of a church clock; it stood at *eleven*; little more than an hour from the time at which I had started the night before! I became exceedingly alarmed. Even if something were wrong with the clock, what were the inhabitants about? And then too that changeless, ghastly moon overhead!

I had no leisure to speculate much, for my hunger was overpowering. There was a light in one of the windows of the principal inn, and I observed a figure standing at the casement. I knocked loudly at the door, with rather a ludicrous doubt as to whether I should ask for breakfast or supper. Apparently I was likely to get neither. No one replied to my summons; and after belaboring the door and shouting for half an hour, I lost patience, and finding one of the lower sashes unbarred, climbed through into the coffee-room, where I soon furnished myself with a meal. I then went on a visit of discovery through the house. One or two rooms had sleepers in them, whom I did not care to disturb; the other doors were fastened, including probably that of the mysterious individual whom I had seen.

My alarm now returned in full force. Every effort to think proved unavailing, and after partaking of a second meal, I again sallied into the town, and passed the rest of the day in exploring its deserted streets, still by the aid of the moonlight. Toward nightfall (as it

should have been by the true computation), I returned to the hotel, jaded in mind and body and without having discovered any explanation of this extraordinary occurrence. As I approached the house, I observed the same figure which I had seen before, although its attitude was changed. It was now that of a person who had been disturbed by some sound without, and was hastily throwing open the window to ascertain the cause; but oh! how intolerably slow was the performance! At the end of two hours (for I could not refrain from observing the time by my watch), the sash had barely risen, I should think, an inch! I returned to the coffee-room, and laying my head upon my arms, wept long and very bitterly.

It was not until I reached Oxford, about a week afterwards, that I fully realized the circumstances in which I was placed. I had no other home, and resolved on proceeding thither;—of course on foot. On my way, the same scenes everywhere met me. Day after day passed, but to the world around me it was still night; the clear crisp night of that 29th of September; the same moon, the same stars, the aspect of earth and sky unchanged, and apparently unchangeable. I rarely met any of my fellow-men;—those whom I did encounter appeared to belong to another species. Their tardy movements, their droning, inarticulate tones, an air of rigidity in their features, invested them with a sepulchral and fearful character. I thought of the "*νεκρὸν ἀνεγνῶ κάθηται*" of the Greek poet, and fancied that I beheld the counterpart of his description. How intolerably rapid too must my actions have appeared to them! To procure subsistence, I was compelled to enter some of the houses on the road. Their inmates in some instances appeared disposed to resist my proceedings, but I should have been miles on my road before they could have lifted an arm for the purpose.

At length, I reached Oxford. The silver Isis glittered in the moonlight; beautiful as ever, it glanced between the tall pinnacles and spires, like the pine-trees of a Canadian forest;—but with what altered emotions did I now gaze upon the scene! As I approached my own college, I observed lights on the first-floor of a house which I knew to be the occasional resort of our "fast men." A supper-party was evidently in progress, and by

crossing the street, I could see what went on. Alas! the merriment of the suitors of Ithaca, when the shadow of the exiled Ulysses first fell on his own threshold, could hardly have been more ill-omened! A toast had evidently been proposed. The raised glasses, the flushed features, told of mirth and license; but the gestures were those of pall-bearers, and the acclamations of the revellers died away in a dirgelike wail.

I was obliged to enter the college by force —(I had become an expert housebreaker now)—and gaining my own rooms, flung myself into a chair. A dull reverberation in the air, which I had noticed from the time of my entering the town, I was now enabled, by something familiar in the sound, to assign to its true cause,—the striking of the numerous clocks in the university. This reminded me that for some days I had not observed the time. I sprang to a window which commanded a view of the college dial. Merciful Providence! it stood at eleven o'clock, or a few seconds after;—the very same hour at which I had entered the town of W— nearly a week before! . . . At once, the terrible reality forced itself upon me;—I was living by a *different* TIME to the rest of my species. Their measure of existence was suspended, or infinitely retarded. *Mine*, from some unexplained cause, remained the same!

Yes: so it was. One of these deviations from natural laws had occurred which the All-wise Creator has doubtless at times permitted in the unrecorded past. My brain reeled at the thought, as I attempted to work it out into its detail. Supposing that time, or that which represents it to our faculties, movement, succession, number, were absolutely suspended:—how long was this to continue? Was a period unmeasured as that of Chaos to elapse, before the quick, sentient world, teeming with its myriad inhabitants, was again to wake into life and energy? Or supposing that the measure of time, and with it the whole functions of nature, as well animate as inanimate, was only temporarily retarded; what was the degree of the retarding force exerted? Was "one day," in the words of Holy Writ, to be literally "a thousand years?" Again, even on the most favorable supposition, what was my own condition! "Extreme differences of degree," I exclaimed, "constitute a difference of kind. These whom

I see around me are no longer my fellow-men. Already my pity for their imbecility is mingled with contempt and aversion. **SPEED IS POWER.** How can I associate with those who can neither resent an injury nor requite a benefit; whose motions are paralyzed, their senses unapprehensive, their very speech unintelligible? As well consort with the drivelling crétin, or the squalid Esquimaux! How am I even to procure the necessaries of life, food, raiment, fuel?"

But I must not weary the reader with my reflections. On the last-mentioned head, I soon found that I had needlessly alarmed myself. In this lethargy of nature, decay was arrested as well as growth. The bread which I fetched daily from the manacle's—I could enter where I chose!—was as fresh as if it had been baked but a few hours previously. Meat remained untainted; even some flowers in a glass on the kitchen sill retained their color and freshness.

My first doubt still remained: whether the present disturbance of the course of nature involved its total suspension, or permitted some form of deliberate but sustained progression. I inclined to the latter belief, and almost hourly consulted the faces of one or other of the church dials, to obtain some confirmation of it. Sometimes I fancied that there was a variation; at length the movement became unmistakable;—the hand of the clock in my own college clearly stood at one minute past eleven. Alas! my joy at this was short-lived! I had kept an accurate computation of my own time, often ascertaining its correctness by walking measured distances against my watch, and in other ways. I now looked at my calendar;—it showed me that forty days had elapsed since I started on my journey, and about thirty-four since I reached Oxford. And yet in all this interval the hand of the clock had only advanced one minute! My life, the life of history and science, the life of six thousand past years, had extended to the 9th of November;—to the slumber-stricken and torpid beings around me, it still wanted almost a whole hour of midnight on Michaelmas-day.

Forty days more passed, and the fact became unquestionable. The dials in the town stood at two minutes past eleven:—by my time it was only six days short of Christmas! I had hitherto forbore to enter into any computation of the future; now, I sat down to my

desk, and with a trembling hand worked out the following result. "Forty days," I said, "compose a minute, and three hundred and sixty-five will equal about nine; in other words, seven years must elapse to complete one hour. Multiplying seven by seven, it will take forty-nine years, or thereabouts, to bring me to six o'clock on the 30th. I shall then, if I live, be a decrepit old man, verging on the threescore years and ten which are the limit of our days. The entire interval will be—*night*: companionless, unchanging night! O God, thou knowest my sinfulness!" I exclaimed, as I flung myself upon the ground in uncontrollable agony.

II.

I HAVE dwelt minutely on the earlier portions of my history, in the hope of elucidating the singular disturbance to which the machinery of the natural world had been subjected. In that which follows, I shall touch only on one or two prominent occurrences, selecting them principally from a diary which I commenced keeping in the second year of my solitude. It was nearly at the same time that I conceived the idea of traversing other portions of the country, to ascertain whether there were not persons like myself exempted from this mysterious visitation. Agatha's home I shrank from visiting;—had her state resembled that of the beings around me, the agony would have been insupportable. The result of my journey is thus described in the diary:—

June 1, 1843.—Alas! alas! five years of fruitless wanderings! What a picture does this journal offer during the interval! Everywhere the same ghastly night; the same loneliness; the same enfeebled creatures, bearing the human image, but wrapped in this endless sleep, or wandering with imperfect and palsied motions, and idiotic cries. How terrible too is the perpetual moonlight! Its cold malignant ray seems to have some affinity to the brain, and to interpenetrate its very texture with a damp chill! How ludicrously painful are some of the scenes I have witnessed;—acts of profligacy or cupidity which their wretched perpetrators, although aware of my presence, had not the rapidity of movement to conceal from me! On some occasions indeed (and this may possibly account for my isolated existence), I have been fortunate enough to prevent the consummation of acts of violence; and once, I providentially averted

an intended suicide. The poor wretch's hand was stealing moodily to the trigger of a pistol beside him;—an open letter on the table showed that the act was attributable to a gigantic fraud practised upon him by a partner whom he had loaded with favors, and who had now fled the country, leaving his benefactor to destitution. On another scrap was the following: "Mary, my own darling, it will be sad news for you all when you receive this. Poor child, you little thought how your sea-side trip would end this year! Dearest, pity and forgive, and, if it be not wrong, pray for me. I am ruined, Mary; yours and the children's fortune gone, with my own; and how should I ever look you in the face again? I shall die to-night, with despair in my heart, and, I think, with something unsettled in my brain; but I shall die, loving you all, oh! how lovingly! Farewell." I discharged the pistol in the air, and secured the unhappy writer so as effectually to prevent a recurrence of the attempt. How many years—or centuries—must elapse before he can be unloosed.

August 13, 1850.—I must condense into a brief space the entries of three years of bitter agony and remorse, terminating on this date.

The fruitless search I have described led me to ponder curiously on the causes of the singular discrepancy between myself and the rest of my species. The more I reflected, the clearer it seemed that these must be in some way *personal* to myself; that is, not an accidental effect produced in me, but something inherent in my own constitution. "Every thing I bear about me," I reasoned, "the clothes I wear, the food I take into my system, becomes assimilated in point of *time* to myself. This mysterious organization is therefore one of the essential qualities of my being;—but, more than this, it is *communicable*. And if communicable to these inanimate things, why not to *animate*? I cannot indeed bear these about with me, as I wear a dress; but is there no other mode of communication?"

I was thus led to consider what ingredient of my physical nature entered the most actively into its composition; and this, I soon became sensible, was *the blood*. "This restless and subtle agent," I said, "is identified in turns with every portion of our frame. It is the most energizing element in the human system;—is it not at the same time the most *transmissible*?"

When I reached this point, a sudden joy shot through my frame. "Saintly Providence," I cried, "I need then no longer be alone. I may quicken into life, the real life of *action*, others of my species; companions, friends; above all, thee, thee, O Agatha!"

Craving the forgiveness of its gentle Lares, I entered the chamber in which Agatha Courtenay lay stretched in a peaceful slumber: it had lasted through nearly ten years. I pressed one earnest kiss upon her forehead, and piercing one of my own veins, proceeded to mingle the blood which flowed from it with the sluggish and deathlike current of hers. It was the creation of a human being. . . .

Seven hours had passed since the operation, and there were no results. Sometimes I fancied the sleeper's breathing was quickened, but I could not be sure. "The fluid must have time to circulate," I said, and resumed my watch by the bedside.

Suddenly a sound was in mine ears; "*Θεὸς μέγας ὁ ἀνέχων ὀφθαλμῶν*." Oh! blessed utterance, beyond music, divinest gift of human speech; soul-entrancing and melodious! how at length in the tenth year have I listened to thee! And that voice, too, *Agatha's* voice; and pronouncing *my* name. Alas! alas!

For some minutes I knelt motionless: the sudden bliss had overwhelmed me. I was in the state of sensation only, entranced with a delicious joy, and incapable of collecting my thoughts. When I at length did so, I sprang to my feet in wild terror. The voice was Agatha's; the words articulate and joyous; but where was their purpose and coherence? . . . Was this excitement, delirium? Alas! there were no traces of either. But why lengthen out a mournful history? Before many hours had elapsed, I had discovered that there stood by my side, the life-long companion of my solitude, a *being bereft of reason*.

Fool that I was, I had overlooked this. My experiment had restored to their normal state the animal functions, even the use of speech and the knowledge of external things. But it had not reached—how should it?—the subtler faculty, that which lies on the other side of the boundary-line between even the most delicate organization of *matter*, and that which is immaterial, the undying *mind*. This element had defied my skill; it still continued, not overthrown indeed, but benumbed into

the same fatal torpor which had overtaken the rest of the species. The reasoning process was so slow, that practically it did not exist.

I had now to provide for the wants of the helpless being to whom I had thus as it were given life. How lovingly the gentle creature followed me from place to place, as a young fawn might, and looked up to my hand for every thing! how musical was her voice in our dwelling, although prattling, alas! with incoherent utterances, or singing wild scraps of some forgotten air!

By degrees I taught her the use of some simple phrases, which she acquired by instinct, as an animal might which had possessed speech. But she never progressed beyond this;—the intellect had no part in it, but plodded moodily and inertly as ever in its dull orbit. It was a piteous thing, verily, to see the fair girl steal to my side of an evening, and say, like a young child, "Agatha tired now, Alan; bedtime for Agatha." And when the large, hot drops stood in my eyes, she would lay her soft cheek against mine, and whisper, "Don't cry, Alan; Agatha very good, and do all you tell her."—And this was my handiwork! But I must pass on to the end.

We had removed to Oxford, where Agatha occupied a small chamber inside mine, in the care and neat arrangement of which I had taught her to take pleasure. This had gone on for three years, when on returning to my room one evening I observed Agatha's door ajar. This was unusual, as she had readily acquired the feelings of delicacy which were indispensable in our circumstances. I at length looked in, and was terrified to find her absent. Her clothes lay on the chair, so that she must have gone out in her nightdress only. I now recollected several occasions on which she had experienced a strange feeling of terror, without any assignable cause, sometimes springing to the further side of the apartment, as if conscious of the presence of some alarming object. One of these paroxysms, I could not doubt, had now seized her, under the influence of which she had fled from the apartment. Alas! whither?

I could find no clue for some days. I then discovered traces of the fugitive on the Worcester-road. Her father's residence was in Herefordshire, near the Malvern hills, and I conjectured that she must have fled in that di-

rection. The road was unknown to her, as we had approached Oxford on a different side, but she might have discovered it, I thought, by the singular instinct, resembling that of the inferior animals, which in her case supplied the place of reason.

It took some days to reach Mr. Courtenay's house. When I did so, Agatha was not there. The doors were securely closed, as we had left them between two and three years before, and the poor girl, finding her entrance barred, and no one stirring within, had doubtless wandered elsewhere.

A few miles from the house lay a picturesque churchyard, in a nook of the Malvern hills, overshadowed by two tall yew-trees. It had been a favorite walk of ours in happier times, and this induced me not to leave it unexplored. Here at length I found Agatha. She was seated in the church porch, where we had passed many a pleasant hour. Some berries lay beside her on the bench, which she had probably gathered to satisfy her hunger; but her cheek was very pale, and I saw at a glance that the powers of life had yielded to privation. She would not suffer me to carry her to a house, but laid her cheek faintly against mine, in the old way, and said, "Alan sad, because Agatha ill. Agatha very ill; cold, wet, hungry: but soon be better. Alan mustn't cry." . . . Half an hour later, the gentle spirit which I had blighted with the curse of my own existence, ebbed away unrepiningly in my arms; and I was again—alone.

I dug a hasty grave, and in this I laid her beneath the soft ripple of the unwaning moonlight. No bell tolled, but I said the burial-prayers over her, and built up some stones into a rude cross at the grave's head. And after a few weeks I returned and occupied a vacant cottage near the churchyard, and twice every day I lay a chaplet of flowers on the resting-place of the blameless dead.

III.

I HAVE no heart for the detail of my subsequent history, although it extended over long years and was full of marvels. In the month of July, 1862 (by the true computation), an event occurred which occasioned me great uneasiness. The moon, which had hitherto been the companion of my solitude, finally disappeared beneath the horizon. A few months later, I became alarmed by the sensibly increasing darkness. The stars were obscured, and heavy masses of cloud, portend-

ing a storm, trailed up from the quarter where the moon had set. This period was one of extreme gloom and apprehension. The means of subsistence had failed me in the small village where I had settled, and I was compelled to remove to a town at some little distance. Here I shut myself up in one room, and endeavored to beguile my discomposure by study and reflection. But nothing would have this effect. The perpetual darkness benumbed my faculties, and settled down in a heavy vacuity upon my soul. This was aggravated by the total silence which seemed by degrees to pervade the whole of nature, broken only at times by the pitiful babbling of some one of the mysterious sleepers around me, as he murmured in his uneasy dreams. I can imagine nothing more awful than this utter stillness, extending as it did over several years, and appearing to my fancy to become intensified almost daily. It was no longer a mere negation; it had a *positive* existence, and seemed to admit of degrees, and, as it were, dog my steps with a frightful pertinacity. Some sounds indeed there were, but of the very essence of the silence itself; vague consciousness of a presence, apprehended by the direct agency of the mind, without the intervention of the material organ;—something that blanched the cheek, and froze the tongue to the palate with its exceeding awfulness.

At length (on the 17th March, 1869), the storm came;—it continued for almost *nine years*! How blinding was the first flash of lightning! I had listened to the thunder for some weeks previously;—a dull booming sound, divested of its terrors by its slowness. But the flashes of lightning were *instantaneous*. Then, for the first time, I saw that electricity, the motive power of the universe, is *independent of time*. Like myself, it belonged to a different order in creation from the stagnating elements around me; although *my* existence differed in the *degree* of time only; this mighty agent, the noblest of created forces, had never even been subjected to its laws.

"Majestic type," I cried, "of the Eternal Self-existent Being, if known to Paganism, what worship hadst thou not received! The 'moon walking in brightness'; the stars and sun, and quickening elemental fire; these are beautiful, nay glorious; but they belong to a contracted system; each year, as it rolls away, detaches something from their sub-

stance, and accelerates their dissolution. But with *thee* time has no concern. The spaces which these rolling orbs require thousands of years to traverse, thy keener essence penetrates without a moment's difference. In their destruction (if aught material may outlive that period) thy subtle energy shall survive, and assist in the creation of new worlds, or be restored to its first home, the gleaming palaces of the Eternal City."

One brief sketch further, and I have done. The storm finally ceased on the 28th February, 1878. I walked abroad in the clear starlight, on the earth moistened with the continuous rain, and a weight seemed lifted from my breast. It now wanted, according to this new measure of time, little more than an hour of *dawn*. In eight years, or thereabouts, the clocks would stand at six in the morning of the 30th of September. The rest of my days would then at least be passed under the light of heaven. But besides this, I insensibly clung to the hope (for which indeed I could assign no sufficient reason) that the return of day would bring with it the termination of this mysterious derangement of nature. Independently of the happiness of once more sharing human converse, how full of scientific interest would be the information I should be qualified to give upon this subject! what unexplored tracts of discovery and thought would it not suggest! what enlarged views of the power and resources of the Creator!—But I must not weary the reader with these speculations.

Rousing myself from sleep one morning, I could no longer doubt that the light in which objects were visible was better defined than any thing which I had witnessed for nearly fifty years past. Latterly, I had often climbed the Malverns to gain a more extended view; but had returned disappointed. Now I again stood on their summit, and beheld—*DAY*. The vale of Evesham lay below me, glimmering in the faint twilight; but a rosy tinge stretched along the whole edge of the Cotswold hills. A week later this was streaked with gold, like threads of precious metal shot through a silken web. Ten more days passed, and the rays which had streamed up incessantly over the edge of the hill (almost, I could have fancied, with the clash and chime of martial music), were followed by the disc of the broad sun itself. On the 18th of May,

1886, from the top of the Herefordshire Beacon, I saw its entire orb. This was at the close of one of my days. Wearied with excitement and fatigue, I returned to the town in which I now resided (and where it was still twilight), and fell asleep.

I awoke from a perturbed dream of being bound hand and foot on the edge of a cat-act whose roar almost deafened me. It was broad daylight, but the impressions of my dream still continued: a confused mass of sound, from which familiar tones gradually separated themselves, and became collected and articulate. My heart throbbed with delight; I sprang to the window, and looked forth. Ay! it is! it is! the spell is reversed! Living men and women are in the street beneath; they speak, they move, there is no deception. Oh! second creation, harbinger of unutterable joy! And see, they approach the door! Let me hasten forth and welcome them!

IV.

MY narrative should perhaps close with the above, for the phenomenon of which I had been as it were raised up as the special witness was at an end. I cannot however forbear describing the sequel of the excited feelings in which I had indulged.

The persons whom I accosted were of the common order, and seemed surprised at my appearance from the house, as well as at the transports of joy I expressed at seeing them. Observing this, and fancying that they were disposed to ridicule me, I proceeded in quest of some auditors of more intelligence. I had not gone far, however, before I recollected that my first duty was to communicate to Mr. Courtenay the circumstances of his daughter's death; and I accordingly turned my steps in the direction of that gentleman's house. My route lay through the market-place, where even at this early hour a number of country people were collected with their wares. Finding my progress impeded, I seized one brawny fellow by the shoulders (as I had been accustomed to do with the enfeebled and tardy beings whom I encountered in my wanderings), and endeavored to thrust him aside. He turned on me with a look of angry surprise. "That be cool, onyhow," exclaimed the man. "T'beest an ould chap, or larrup me if I wouldn't ha' put a pain into thy skull." A coarse laugh from the bystanders followed.

I muttered some apology, and pursued my way to Mr. Courtenay's.

Here all was confusion; horses standing saddled at the door, servants exchanging messages, bells ringing, and every possible disorder. "Deed, mon, and I don't know," was the answer to my inquiry of a gaping servant-girl whether I could see Mr. Courtenay; "Miss Agatha (that's our young lady) was missing out of her room this morning, and nobody don't know nothink of her. The squire's in a mortal taking about it; but I'll see." I mentioned that my business related to Miss Courtenay, and was quickly ushered into a room, where my intended father-in-law sat writing, with an agitated air. When we last met, he was in middle life, and I was just twenty. Now, I was thirty years his senior.

"Mr. Courtenay," I commenced, "our sainted Agatha . . ."

"Sainted fiddlesticks!" exclaimed that gentleman, angrily, turning his chair to look at me. "What is the man talking about? Do you know who you are speaking to, fellow?"—(I had been in the habit of supplying myself with clothes from any wardrobe which came to hand, and now for the first time recollected that I was wearing a *footman's great-coat*.)

"Alas! sir," I said, "do you not recognize me? I am Alan, Alan Woodbridge, to whom you promised the hand of your lovely and . . ."

Mr. Courtenay sprang to the bell, and rang it furiously. "Turn this old man out of the house," he said, when the servant entered. "He is some madman. Has Larkins heard any thing of Miss Courtenay along the road?"

I interrupted the man's answer. "Mr. Courtenay," I said solemnly, "I can tell you what has happened to your daughter, and I am the only person living who can." Mr. Courtenay turned to me with an eager gesture. "Speak out then, man, quick. Where is she? has she fled? is she safe, well, in proper hands?"

"Alas! sir," I said, "how little you know what has occurred. It is now almost thirty-six years since that I buried Miss Courtenay with my own hands in Sedlescombe churchyard."

I had hardly finished the sentence, before at a sign from the master of the house, I was

forcibly ejected from the room, and as speedily from the hall-door.

As I re-entered the town, full of doubt and perplexity, I was passed by two men, one of whom turned round and stared hard at me. "I say, Jim," he exclaimed to his companion, "I'm blowed if that 'ere ain't my hidetical coat and veskit, as was a-missing this morning. "Get out of that, old grandseyther!" At the same moment, I received a smart blow on the ribs, and was immediately collared, and taken before the nearest magistrate. Here I defended myself by explaining the extraordinary circumstances in which I had been placed, offering at the same time to restore the value of what I had thus taken from sheer necessity. My statement was received with irrepressible laughter by all present, excepting one gentleman who was seated near the magistrate, and, I thought, looked at me with compassion. Upon some suggestion from him, the case was remanded, and in the evening he visited my place of confinement, accompanied by a person whom I had not before seen. At their request, I repeated my statement, during which I observed that the two frequently interchanged significant looks. The next morning I was desired to get into a hired carriage, and was driven, not, as I expected, to the magistrate's house, but to one at some distance. It was an *asylum for lunatics*?

This is upwards of four years since, during which time I have made numerous attempts to obtain my freedom, but unsuccessfully; and I have now desisted. I am not inhumanly treated, and have food and raiment;—the short time I have yet to live makes me indifferent to more.

One only incident has occurred during my confinement, worthy the reader's notice. A few days after I had been placed in the asylum, I accidentally met with a Herefordshire paper, in which my eye was attracted by the following paragraph:—

"MYSTERIOUS BURGLARIES.—Much uneasiness has prevailed in L——" (this was the town in which I had so long resided) "in consequence of the numerous burglaries perpetrated there on the night of the 29th ult. The remarkable feature of these is that the mode of effecting an entrance was in almost every instance identical, leading to the conclusion that the depredators acted in concert. It is singular moreover that they have left articles of value untouched, while clothing, and

especially food, has been abstracted to a large amount. A person was apprehended on the 30th with a portion of the stolen property in his possession, but nothing could be elicited from him, and as he was evidently of unsound mind, the case was discharged."

I now perused the paper with close attention, and in a subsequent column read the following:—

"It is with much regret that we advert to a distressing occurrence, to which we should be unwilling to give publicity, were it not that the facts are unhappily notorious. Miss Courtenay, the daughter of Harvey Courtenay, Esq., of the Grange, has been missing since the night of the 29th ult. This disappearance is of the most painful character, and no traces have yet been discovered of the fugitive."

In the same paper, a week later, I read the following:—

"The mystery of Miss Courtenay's flight, which we mentioned in our last week's impression, appears likely to receive a satisfactory solution. It seems that she was attached to a young gentleman who is preparing for his degree at Oxford, but that their engagement had been forbidden by her father. It is now ascertained, that on the night of the young lady's escape from home, her Romeo also disappeared, in a mysterious manner, from the stage-coach in which he had engaged a seat to Oxford. No traces have yet been discovered, but it is obvious to suppose that the coincidence was not the result of accident. We feel bound to express our sympathy with the annoyance thus caused to a highly respectable family."

And here I lay down my pen, it being now (how little do people suspect this) the 20th day of June, 1890, and wanting less than ten years to the commencement of the twentieth century. By the received (although erroneous) computation, we are still in the month of October, 1841.

Let me suggest two brief reflections for the reader's consideration at parting.

The first is, whether we may not be mistaken in our opinion of those whom we regard as being of imbecile or disturbed intellect. Judging by the case of Agatha Courtenay, I should surmise that these infirmities often result from a defect, not in the constitution of the reasoning power itself, but in its adjustment to the frame in which it is set. From some unexplained cause, the two fail to *synchronize* in their movements;—the

clocks have been set to *different rates of speed!* In the forms of acute mania, the intellect outruns the body;—in idiots and imbecile persons, it lags behind. I must speak more timidly of my second theory. It has been said that from what we now observe of such processes, the deposition of the earth's strata must have required a period of time immeasurably exceeding the six thousand years usually assigned to its existence. And upon this ground, some rash talkers would discredit the Mosaic account of the creation, while others would interpolate a long series of years in its commencement. For my part, I should find it easier to believe that there had been some discrepancy in the measure of time, either between the present and some past period, or to various portions of the globe at the same period. At any rate, I would submit that Holy Writ is not to be im-

pugned upon any grounds of human science, of which I cannot but think that my own history shows the fallibility.

•• *Note by Editor.*—The above memoir seems to have occupied some years in its compilation. It is written in a firm, clear hand, and certainly shows no trace of mental weakness. Shortly after the last date (October, 1741) attention was called to the writer's case, and, some inquiry having taken place, an order was issued for his liberation. It arrived too late, however, as he was found to have expired the night previously. The memoir was then discovered, accompanied with a written request that it might be forwarded to Mr. Courtenay, which was done. On that gentleman's death a few months since without issue, his property and papers passed into the hands of a distant relative, by whom the document has been forwarded to this office for publication.

A NEW JOINT IN JOINERY.—The usual process in making boxes has been to dovetail the sides and ends together. Mr. Hine, the fancy cabinet-maker of St. John Street Road, has completely superseded that process by his patent "improved self-supporting joint." Mr. Hine obtains his joint by making with circular saws, two tongues or fillets at right angles to each other; one of these tongues being on the edge, the other on the side of any given piece of wood, thick or thin. By the same process he forms two grooves in another and similar piece of wood, also at right angles to each other. The two tongues are then run into the two grooves, a perfect joint is the result, strong, and so complete, that it is impossible to pull the two pieces of board apart laterally, or in the plane of either one. By merely reversing the position of the tongued bond, an angular joint is produced.

The process can be adopted in the making of wooden or stone stairs, by which each "riser" would be so locked into the "tread" that the stairs would be self-supporting. There is scarcely a thing in the whole range of building or cabinet making, to which this joint could not be applied, with a saving of labor truly surprising; so much so, that one man in making boxes can do as much in five minutes as by the ordinary means he could do in an hour. For ship's decks, railway platforms, flooring, etc., the joint would be invaluable.

Mr. Hine thinks of applying his joints to window-sashes, doing away with beads and weights, at the same time preventing draughts and the disagreeable shakings of the sashes whenever there is a little wind. The whole of the process being of the most simple kind, not a plane or joiner's tool is required. Metal can be employed in the same way. Mr. Hine exhibited

to us a brass box, air tight, made by his joint, without the aid of solder or rivets; the pieces being simply put together by placing the tongues in the grooves, and as easily taken to pieces. We understand the joint has been submitted to government inspectors, and favorably received.—*Spectator.*

MILTON ACCUSED OF IMPIETY.—This curious charge rests on the fact that he attended no place of worship, and that he abstained from family prayer. It appears from Milton's work on Christian Doctrine, that in his opinion, "it is the duty of believers to join themselves, if possible, to a church duly constituted," and also that he did not regard any society of Christians that he knew of as forming a church duly constituted in his eyes, and therefore it was not possible for him to join any. As for his neglect of family prayers, we leave to Mr. Keightley the grateful task of defending the memory of the poet whose life, whose character, and whose actions he has so ably, so patiently, and so amply illustrated. "This we think may be elucidated by the remark he makes respecting our Lord, who he says 'appears seldom to have prayed in conjunction with his disciples, or even in their presence, but either wholly alone or at some distance from them.'" This was probably the model which he set before himself, and he may have deemed it sufficient to give his family an example of true and rational devotion. He commenced every day with the reading of the Scriptures, and spent some time in silent and serious meditation thereon, saying thus, as it were, to each of those around him, 'Go and do thou likewise.' He did not seek to impress his own peculiar views on his family."—*Literary Gazette.*

RELI

TH
want
specu
guilty
Yet
Bam
greg
publi
publi
fact s
cile w
day d
includ
"the
tions
the
Lectu
nal"

found

These

review

reply

mand

tion.

Mo

his in

of thi

lish h

sentec

listen

were

ing w

it is e

contri

Nor is

for.

that t

Mary'

dent i

their

lous in

* Th

Eight

Ozfor

Reader

Magdal

Murray

What

Denison

Cambr

A L

Points

Mansel

Chretie

Oxford

1869.

TH

From Fraser's Magazine.

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL GUIDES:
MANSEL AND MAURICE.*

THE English are generally charged with a want of interest in logical and metaphysical speculation, and about as generally plead guilty to the charge with great cheerfulness. Yet the attention awakened by Mr. Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*, both in the crowded congregations which listened to them, and the public, which, within a few months after their publication, bought two editions of them, is a fact somewhat difficult at first sight to reconcile with the accusation. Sunday after Sunday did all ranks of the University of Oxford, including, as we learn from a contemporary, "the scouts," flock to hear about the *Conditions of Consciousness*, about the *Absolute*, the *Infinite*, the *First Cause*. When the *Lectures* were published, the "leading journal" lost no time in noticing them; nay, found space for two long papers upon them. These were but the precursors of a host of reviews, and now we have a thick volume in reply to them, by a writer who always commands eager if not widely extended attention.

More than one contemporary has tasked his ingenuity to find out the cause or causes of this marked departure from ordinary English habit. Of the twofold phenomenon presented by it, the interest of the numerous listeners to the *Bampton Lectures* when they were delivered, and the interest of the reading world in them after they were published, it is easy to see that the one must have greatly contributed to the production of the other. Nor is that one, perhaps, difficult to account for. Did its existence involve the supposition that the majority of the congregation at St. Mary's understood or even took an independent interest in the abstruse matters which their lecturer dealt with, it would be marvelous indeed. But intelligence of an able man's

* *The Limits of Religious Thought Examined, in Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford.* By Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D., Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy at Magdalen College. Third Edition. London: Murray. 1859.

What is Revelation? etc. By the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

A Letter to the Rev. F. D. Maurice on some Points suggested by his recent Criticism of Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures. By the Rev. C. P. Chretien, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

discourse is by no means indispensable to intelligent admiration of it. A barbarian who did not understand one word of Greek, might have had an unaffected and a perfectly reasonable delight in listening to Pericles or Demosthenes. We remember ourselves hearing the astronomer royal on some question connected with the force of waves with very considerable pleasure; the remarks being so obviously able, and the rise and fall of the voice so plainly attesting the speaker's mastery of his subject, although the whole question and nearly every step of the reasoning were quite beyond us. And surely we are justified in loving to read, or if it be well read by another, to hear, many a passage in the Old Testament, about the meaning of which we are all but wholly in the dark. In truth, as has been argued by a contemporary on this very matter, intellectual gratification can be produced in the absence of a perceived meaning, by the lively perception that there is a meaning.* And such gratification was doubtless largely ministered to the crowds who listened to Mr. Mansel.

But the whole phenomenon of the attention which his speculations have received has perhaps a more important ground than this. The sense of an impending collision of first principles in all that is most momentous, may very well have disposed men to welcome a champion who seems gallantly arming himself for the struggle; while a vague aversion to all that is *German*, combined with an uncomfortable feeling that it can only be overcome by a master of all that is *German*, will lead them to approve of one who appears to present the requisite condition, and professes to do the requisite work.

There is another point of view from which the interest taken in, and approbation bestowed on, Mr. Mansel, affords ground enough both of wonder and of solemn musing. It is but seven and twenty years since the same pulpit of St. Mary's was occupied by a Bampton lecturer who treated of matters that bore on received religious persuasions; and few are ignorant of the excitement and the wrath

* We have heard of an old lady going down on a well-known anniversary to Eton with a fond and proud mother. The latter was looking forward to hearing her boy recite a Latin oration, but expressed a doubt whether what was to be so great a pleasure to herself, might not prove tedious to a companion who knew no Latin, and had no son in the school. "Not at all," was the reply, "I like to hear sense in any language."

wherewith not the University of Oxford alone, but the whole church of England, was moved. Yet when we compare the positions of Bishop Hampden with those of Mr. Mansel, we are lost in wonder at the change wrought in less than thirty years. For now we find the latter greeted with a torrent of approbation for that, but a hundredth portion of which well-nigh visited the former with heavy penalties. We are not at this moment prejudging Mr. Mansel; we are but speaking of the impression which he must make alike on friend and foe; of the relation which, sound or fallacious, his speculations and conclusions bear to what most people deem faith and orthodoxy; and we but express the measurement of obvious phenomena when we say, if Hampden was unsound seven-fold, Mansel is unsound seventy times seven-fold. Yet the former was proclaimed a heretic; the latter seems gladly accepted as a champion of the faith. Even when some time had been given for consideration, the journals supposed to be most zealous in behalf of orthodoxy had but little to say against him, seldom modifying their praise by any thing beyond a courteous whisper of hesitation as regards some of his positions. There may have been one or two exceptions, but none of any significance, till Mr. Maurice's volume broke the weather, and substituted for the sunshine of admiring contentment and complacency, with which Mr. Mansel had been hitherto environed, the thunders of indignant denunciation directed against him as the enemy and the subverter of all faith.

Here, then, we have one eminent man of the day accepted, or on the point of being accepted, as the champion of orthodoxy; and another, on whom it has been commonly thought that orthodoxy, with however little of justice, looks askance, denouncing the former as the enemy of all faith. It is time that we give such of our readers as may wish for it some account of the matter at issue.

Mr. Mansel's speculations are professedly based on a well-known essay by Sir W. Hamilton, which appeared first as an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1829, and was afterwards republished in the volume of his collected *Discussions*, etc. Probably, for those who had previously read this paper, a good deal of trouble was saved in following Mr. Mansel, which was inflicted on those who had not. Its subject is "The Philosophy of the unconditioned," and it consists partly of a

review of all the attempts which have been made, principally in these latter days, in Germany, to teach such a philosophy; partly of an exposure of their fallacy, which will recommend itself readily to Englishmen; partly of an exposition of the author's own views of the subject. It seems needless to say a word about the rare ability and value of this essay. Suffice it now to observe that Sir W. Hamilton arrives at the conclusion that the unconditioned, the absolute, the infinite, can by no possibility be matter of positive thought in our present state; that whilst we are forced to acknowledge that the conditioned, the relative, the finite, imply the existence of those others, our cognitions and our thoughts are hopelessly hemmed in by these latter, while the former exist for us but as negations; imply, as recognized by us, not thought, but the cessation of thought; not knowledge, but the ultimate limitation of knowledge.

On this hint Mr. Mansel proceeds, and applying to divinity the statements into which his master was led in reviewing certain attempts of Philosophy, fixes his "Limits of Religious Thought" at the boundary mark of the logical power, and excludes from the objects of such thought whatever transcends the sphere of conception and surpasses the faculty of definition. Now it is obvious at once that every high truth of revelation is hereby excluded. God himself is the absolute, the infinite, the unconditioned. What then? Does religion consist in all its loftiest features and elements of but negative thought? By no means. The disclosures of revelation do not, because they cannot, transcend the conditions of human thought; they do not therefore, because they cannot, show us the objects of faith as they are in themselves; they do not, because they cannot, show us God as he is in himself; they but show us what God would have us think and feel and do in regard to himself; they give us not *truths speculative* which we are incapable in such matters of receiving on any authority, inasmuch as truths speculative about the absolute, the unconditioned, and the infinite can find no room in our minds; but *truths regulative* on which we can safely act, and which it is perilous to reject or disobey. In short, we are shut in by our own being, its laws and conditions, as by an adamant and unscaleable wall. Outside that wall lie all the truths that hold not of space or time, or our mortal

condition. At those truths we cannot get; of them we can gain no knowledge further than the conviction that they must be, and that negative view of them which sees that they are beyond our prison bounds. All that is told us must be addressed to us as we are, must come to us under the conditions by which we are hemmed in. What the truth in itself may be it is idle to guess at; it may be somewhat like the form wherein it comes to us, or altogether diverse; another state may settle that question for us. Meanwhile, it lies outside "the limits of religious thought."

We imagine that Mr. Mansel will not quarrel with this statement of his general doctrine. It would be beyond the possible limits of this article to go into particulars. We will, however, give a short account of his procedure. In his first lecture he compares the respective characteristics of dogmatism and of rationalism, and considering the fallacy of both to consist in equally erroneous though different estimates of the mutual relations of faith and reason, concludes the desirability of measuring out the province of the latter faculty, or in other words, ascertaining "the limits of religious thought." In Lecture II. the inquiry is professedly entered on. "A philosophy of religion," observes Mr. Mansel, "may be attempted from two opposite points of view, and by two opposite modes of development. It may be conceived either as a philosophy of the object of religion, that is to say, as a scientific exposition of the nature of God; or as a philosophy of the subject of religion; that is to say, as a scientific inquiry into the constitution of the human mind, so far as it receives and deals with religious ideas. The former is that branch of metaphysics which is commonly known by the name of rational theology." (*Mansel*, p. 34.) That this is a hopeless method, Mr. Mansel argues from a consideration of the three different notions under which the unconditioned presents itself to us, and which we are therefore constrained to attribute to God. "To conceive the Deity as he is, we must conceive him as first cause, as absolute, and as infinite." But each of these notions is inconceivable, and when we try to think it out, is found to be self-contradictory. Mr. Mansel argues this of each, but dwells longest and most on the puzzles involved in the notion of the infinite. We will quote a little of his reasoning here, because it is almost the centre portion

of his whole speculation, all the rest becoming intelligible in its light, and the soundness or unsoundness of the whole being dependent on the judgment which the reader passes upon this.

"The infinite, as contemplated by this philosophy, cannot be regarded as consisting of a limited number of attributes, each unlimited in its kind. It cannot be conceived, for example, after the analogy of a line, infinite in length, but not in breadth; or of a surface, infinite in two dimensions of space, but bounded in the third; or of an intelligent being, possessing some one or more modes of consciousness in an infinite degree, but devoid of others. Even if it be granted, which is not the case, that such a partial infinite may without contradiction be conceived, still it will have a relative infinity only, and be altogether incompatible with the idea of the absolute. The line limited in breadth is thereby necessarily related to the space that limits it: the intelligence endowed with a limited number of attributes, co-exists with others which are thereby related to it, as cognate or opposite modes of consciousness. The metaphysical representation of the Deity, as absolute and infinite, must necessarily, as the profoundest metaphysicians have acknowledged, amount to nothing less than the sum of all reality. 'What kind of an absolute being is that,' says Hegel, 'which does not contain in itself all that is actual, even evil included?' We may repudiate the conclusion with indignation; but the reasoning is unassailable. If the absolute and infinite is an object of human conception at all, this, and none other, is the conception required. That which is conceived as absolute and infinite must be conceived as containing within itself the sum, not only of all actual, but of all possible modes of being. For if any actual mode can be denied of it, it is related to that mode, and limited by it; and if any possible mode can be denied of it, it is capable of becoming more than it now is, and such a capability is a limitation. Indeed it is obvious that the entire distinction between the possible and the actual can have no existence as regards the absolutely infinite; for an unrealized possibility is necessarily a relation and a limit."—Pp. 45, 47.

The same point is argued more at length in Lecture III., where the contradictions thus stated are referred to their ground in the conditions of human consciousness.

"Now, in the first place, the very conception of consciousness, in whatever mode it may be manifested, necessarily implies *distinction between one object and another*. To be conscious, we must be conscious of something; and that something can only be known, as

that which it is, by being distinguished from that which it is not. But distinction is necessarily limitation; for, if one object is to be distinguished from another, it must possess some form of existence which the other has not, or it must not possess some form which the other has. But it is obvious that the infinite cannot be distinguished, as such, from the finite, by the absence of any quality which the finite possesses; for such absence would be a limitation. Nor yet can it be distinguished by the presence of an attribute which the finite has not; for, as no finite part can be a constituent of an infinite whole, this differential characteristic must itself be infinite; and must at the same time have nothing in common with the finite. We are thus thrown back upon our former impossibility; for this second infinite will be distinguished from the finite by the absence of qualities which the latter possesses. A consciousness of the infinite as such thus necessarily involves a self-contradiction; for it implies the recognition, by limitation and difference, of that which can only be given as unlimited and indifferent.

"That man can be conscious of the infinite, is thus a supposition which, in the very terms in which it is expressed, annihilates itself. Consciousness is essentially a limitation; for it is the determination of the mind to one actual out of many possible modifications. But the infinite, if it is to be conceived at all, must be conceived as potentially every thing and actually nothing; for if there is any thing in general which it cannot become, it is thereby limited; and if there is any thing in particular which it actually is, it is thereby excluded from being any other thing. But again, it must also be conceived as actually every thing and potentially nothing; for an unrealized potentiality is likewise a limitation. If the infinite can be that which it is not, it is by that very possibility marked out as incomplete, and capable of a higher perfection. If it is actually every thing, it possesses no characteristic feature, by which it can be distinguished from any thing else, and discerned as an object of consciousness."—Pp. 70, 72.

A similar result is obtained in reference to the absolute, from the consideration that "a second characteristic of consciousness is, that it is only possible in the form of a *relation*, a relation between subject and object." (P. 74.) "The absolute," therefore, "is a term expressing no object of thought, but only a denial of the relation by which thought is constituted." Having thus placed the unconditional in each of its aspects outside the limits of thought, that is, having viewed "only the negative side of man's consciousness," having "seen how it *does not* represent God,"

it becomes Mr. Mansel's business to attempt "the positive side of the same inquiry," to ask, that is, "what does our consciousness actually tell us concerning the divine existence and attributes, and how does its testimony agree with that furnished by revelation?"

This branch of the inquiry is pursued in the remaining lectures, in which the distinction is laid down between "speculative knowledge of God as he is," the effort after which "obtains nothing more than a series of ambitious self-contradictions, which indicate only what he is not," and "those regulative ideas of the Deity, which are sufficient to guide our practice, but not to satisfy our intellect; which tell us, not what God is in himself, but how he wills that we should think of him." (Pp. 126, 127.) This distinction between speculative and regulative truth is followed out by Mr. Mansel in the sequel. He argues that it holds not only in theology, but in all knowledge whatsoever; that its appearance in theology is therefore what analogy would have led us beforehand to expect; and that the special doctrines of Christianity are on the same footing of difficulty to the reason, and of authority over the practice, as the general convictions of philosophy respecting the relations of the one and the many, the infinite and the finite, the general laws and the particular interposition. Every object of consciousness, human or divine, is but known to us under the conditions of human thought, is but known to us therefore as *phenomenon*, not as *noumenon*, as it can be apprehended by our faculties, not as it is in itself, and not as it may be apprehended by modes of consciousness different from ours. What is beyond the grasp of our faculties, is not matter of direct revelation. While we are constrained to admit that God is infinite and absolute, it is not at the infinite and the absolute that he discloses himself to us, but, what seems to our minds inconsistent with his being so, as a person, coming into living relations with each of us, influenced by our prayers, and altered towards us by our repentance.

Whatever reception this speculation might meet with from the University of Oxford, from the church of England, or from the public, it would have required no signal foresight to predict the sentiments with which it would be regarded by one mind. All Mr. Maurice's teaching is and has ever been against it. He has ever urged upon his hear-

ers
an o
real
dres
them
abov
them
tran
conc
prise
ing
shou
with
Mau
in hi
prise
book
say t
beari
tain's
tful
nave
Stude
this o
great
say in
his so
the a
week-
wield
The
The "
the se
ters"
his ra
nuity,
firm o
wise a
always
past, w
rice w
Mansel
that it
aim, h
us to b
exceed
roused.
strong,
strengt
it:—

"I h
letters
which i
shall de
ertaini

ers and his readers, that men, as such, have an organ for beholding the spiritual and the real; that revelation at once evokes and addresses itself to this organ; that it summons them from shadows to substance, sets them above their own poor conceptions, and brings them into direct relation with that which transcends all the laws and limits of those conceptions. Consequently we were not surprised to learn that Mr. Maurice was preparing to have a fight with Mr. Mansel; we should have been, had six months elapsed without any sign of such a combat. Mr. Maurice, however, has been much too prompt in his proceedings to give scope for such surprise. He has produced already not one book, but two, in reply to Mr. Mansel. We say two, for although there be but one volume bearing the title *What is Revelation?* it contains two books. First, we have seven beautiful sermons on the Epiphany, and then we have a course of "Letters to a Theological Student preparing for Orders." No doubt this double reply gives Mr. Maurice some great advantages. It enables him to have his say in two quite different forms—both to make his solemn pastoral protest, and then to enter the arena of controversy armed with more week-day weapons than he could well have wielded in the pulpit.

The whole twofold volume is very valuable. The "Sermons" are beautiful, even amongst the sermons of their author; and the "Letters" not only display all his peculiar gifts,—his rare combination of eloquence and ingenuity, and his grasp at once so wide and so firm of moral and spiritual truth, but likewise a direct controversial aptitude we have not always observed in him. Judging from the past, we thought it not unlikely that Mr. Maurice would give us a better book than Mr. Mansel's—better for us, and much truer; but that it might not hit his antagonist. His aim, however, is shown in the Letters before us to be a very sure one, not impaired by the exceeding indignation into which he has been roused. That indignation is indeed very strong, nor is Mr. Maurice unconscious of its strength. He thus prepares his readers for it:—

"I have not been able to avoid in these letters a certain vehemence of expression, which if it has ever taken a personal form, I shall deeply regret. I have no excuse for entertaining towards Mr. Mansel any feelings

but those of respect. He has treated me both on former occasions and in this volume with a courtesy to which I have no claim; he has even intimated a hope that we are essentially agreed in opinion. No one can tell how eagerly I should have responded to that hope, or how grateful I should have felt to so able a man for having entertained it. But since the further I read in his book, the more I perceived that it would be needful for me to abandon every conviction that was most precious to me before I could obtain that result, I felt myself obliged by his very good nature to state the reasons of my disagreement. I could not state them as if they were indifferent to me; I could not conceal my opinion that the very existence of English faith and English morality is involved in them.—*Maurice*; Preface, p. vii.

It will appear in the sequel that we share in the vehemence of Mr. Maurice's aversion to Mr. Mansel's speculation; that we, on the whole, agree with his estimate of it; that we believe he has not only indicated, but most powerfully illustrated, the true resistance to it. The one or two points on which we disagree with him are not such as require particular notice here. In a subordinate matter we think he misapprehends Mr. Mansel. The latter has used the following expression: "The object of which we are conscious is thus, to adopt the well-known language of the Kantian philosophy, a *phenomenon*, not a *thing in itself*;" on which Mr. Maurice thus comments:—

"I do not know why Mr. Mansel attributes the distinction between a *phenomenon* and a *thing in itself* to the Kantian philosophy. It has been a recognized distinction in every philosophy;" etc.—*Maurice*, p. 333.

If Mr. Maurice will look at Mr. Mansel's words again, he will see that they give no evidence of intention to attribute the distinction exclusively to the Kantian philosophy. But he who talks of the phenomenon and the thing in itself (*Ding an sich*), is undoubtedly adopting "the well-known language" of that philosophy; he is using its peculiar terminology. Neither, on the other hand, while the distinction is an integral part of the Kantian philosophy, is it admitted by every other. Mr. Mansel is therefore unfairly charged with "imputing to Kant specially what he has in common with half the world;" and indeed the whole paragraph which thus winds up wants revision.

We have thus far endeavored not to arbi-

trate between, but to sketch, the respective positions of two remarkable combatants. A third should be added. A writer in the *National Review* has signalized himself amongst critics by refusing to join in the chorus which has sung Mr. Mansel's praises. Two remarkable papers have appeared there, obviously by the same hand. We do not concur, as we need scarcely say, with the distinctive theology of the *National Review*; but we must honestly confess that much which calls itself and is called far more orthodox, seems to us far less truly believing, than these two papers, which form a most valuable contribution to the philosophy of the question.

It remains that we say something of that question. In doing so, we must class Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel together, inasmuch as the definite result at which they arrive is the same—the same as regards verbal statement and logical position. It ought, however, to be remembered that very different applications of that result are present to the minds of the two writers. Sir W. Hamilton is aiming at the German efforts after a philosophy of the absolute, and the Christian faith comes into his discourse but accidentally. Mr. Mansel, on the other hand, is applying his philosophical position directly and mainly to that faith. What effect this difference of application would or might have had were both writers still in this life; whether Sir W. Hamilton would have approved of his own principle as exhibited by Mr. Mansel in its results on theology, are questions which we cannot but ask, and most certainly are in no situation to answer. Making, however, the allowance we ought to make here, it remains that the philosophical positions of Hamilton and Mansel are identical, and must therefore be treated as such in a philosophical discussion of them.

We have, we hope, enabled our readers somewhat to see what that position is. It may be summed up as the essentially negative character of our ideas of the infinite, the absolute, and the unconditioned. This will include whatever must be ranged under these heads, such as the eternal. We are almost afraid to ask or hint how much must be included.

Now there is one characteristic in Mr. Mansel's handling of the question, of which this seems the right place to take notice. *The unconditioned* is a generic term, of which

the *infinite*, the *first cause*, etc., are special aspects. Among those special aspects he fastens on the *infinite*, and bestows far more attention on it than on the others. It is of the *infinite* that he makes by far the larger portion of his puzzles. The passages which we have already quoted from him will enable our readers to judge what manner of puzzles those are. And yet such a man as Mr. Mansel can hardly fail to be aware that of the various terms by which God's absolute perfection may be denoted, this one, the *infinite*, is precisely that of which Theists are wariest in the use, not as denying, though that has reverently been denied, its applicability to God, but as seeing how easily it can lend itself to false and material notions, and so defeat the very end which it was in the first instance employed to serve. It has therefore been comparatively little used, occurring oftener in Mr. Mansel's one volume than in whole rivers of sacred literature. In the Bible we do not find it at all, otherwise than it is implied in the many passages which defy frail man to take the measure of the high and the lofty One, or in any way set bounds to his power and operation. The single terms of Scripture which denote God's perfection are "the Almighty," "the Everlasting," and "Jehovah." Indeed, the whole mystery of God's transcending all limitation or condition, is in the Bible nearly always enshrined in the thought of his eternity—*He that was, and is, and is to come*; or taken together with that thought into the incommunicable name, *Jehovah*.

The rarity of the term *infinite* in Patristic literature is shown by the fact that Suicer quotes but three or four instances of its use.*

Still, we admit that infinitude is an attribute which may be properly ascribed to God, if only we be careful to keep in mind what alone we ought to mean by the ascription. We cannot think that Mr. Mansel has done this. He boldly presses every inference which he has arrived at from any notion and any application of the term *infinite*; and thus, as might well be expected, speedily arrives at contradiction and impossibility.

* The Athanasian creed gives us an equivalent in *Immensus*, *Pater Immensus*, *Filius Immensus*, and *Spiritus Sanctus Immensus*, translated in our prayer-books, *the Father incomprehensible*, etc., etc. The rendering is not one to be quarrelled with. It was probably adopted because the Greek was supposed to be the original; and of the Greek versions, two give ἀκαταλητος; one, following the Latin more closely, ἀετιος; one only, ἀπειρος.

Indeed, we are compelled to say that the question between Mr. Mansel and others is not merely whether any thing can be really known that does not come into the sphere of logical conception; whether every thing is a merely negative thought which is a negative in logic (though that is the paramount question); but also whether he is altogether fair and severe in his logic itself. And we will pause for a moment on this, because we think Mr. Maurice, in his righteous indignation against Mr. Mansel's results, and his equally righteous protests in favor of a higher capacity in man of seeing truth than the logical faculty affords, scarcely does justice to the science itself,* nor sufficiently admits its capacity of subservience, when rightly pursued, to Christian truth.

We will therefore take, for a few moments, a logical position; and doing so we will ask, In what way is infinitude predicable of Deity? To give occasion for Mr. Mansel's puzzles, it ought to be so in the *Category of Substance*.† The following, which we have already quoted, state difficulties which can have no place under any other category:—

"The metaphysical representation of the Deity, as absolute and infinite, must necessarily, as the profoundest metaphysicians have acknowledged, amount to nothing less than the sum of all reality.

"That which is conceived as absolute and infinite must be conceived as containing within itself the sum, not only of all actual, but of all possible modes of being, etc."

We repeat it, except under the first category, there are no difficulties here at all. To suppose God's attributes infinite, in no way precludes the co-existence with God of that which is not God. If God's own personality be "a limitation," and if such a limitation be

* We speak of the present volume. Elsewhere Mr. Maurice has shown an adequate appreciation of logic, both as a part of humanity, and in its bearing on theology.

† Mr. Mansel, we doubt not, will be ready to deny the validity of the categorical distinctions when applied to God. We cannot go into the question here, but we must avow our conviction that the representation of God as *super-essential* involved in such denial, is one of those attempts to exalt him which he has never desired us to make, and leads, if it leads anywhere, to absolute negation of thought concerning him. We have St. Augustine's high authority for distinguishing the categories in which we assert any thing of God. See his wonderful treatise, *De Trinitate*, *passim*. Besides, a philosophical refusal to think of God under the categories, does but make reference to finitude or infinitude all the more irrelevant.

incompatible with infinity, it can only be with an infinity of the divine substance. It need not surely be a limitation of power, goodness, wisdom, or love. But how is either infinitude or finitude predicable in the first category? What do I mean by talking either of an infinite or a finite substance (*ousia*)? If the substance or *Ousia* be material, I might speak of it as infinite or finite in respect of extension or quantity; but these belong to a relative category, and from reference to these I am debarred when I am dealing with a substance purely spiritual. Of such a substance every attribute under any of the remaining categories may be pronounced infinite with perfect intelligibility and meaning, but the substance itself can with no rationality be called either infinite or finite. *Ousia* infinite in itself, or *Ousia* finite in itself, are phrases, we think, that have about as much sense as would have the phrases "a valid rose" or "a red syllogism." And does Mr. Mansel believe that the many humble and devout minds which rejoice in the thought of an infinite God, ever do attempt to connect this predicate "infinite" with the subject, the divine *Ousia*? When they are told that they cannot measure God, is there presented to their thoughts an infinity which "chokes up the universe,"* leaving no possibility for any thing else to exist—an infinity the notion of which does indeed limit God, inasmuch as it denies him all his creative power, his outpourings of love on his creatures; or rather the thought of a Being, to every attribute and every operation of whom all measurement is as inapplicable as impossible—a Being whose power can never be baffled, whose wisdom can fail nowhere, whose love is altogether inexhaustible? That conditions of time and space, that verbal formulæ which have their origin in those conditions, that conceptions which are determined by them, are irrelevant when attempted to be applied to this Being, is implicitly felt, we are sure, by many a poor old man and poor old woman, ay, and by many a young child, to whom the phrases we have just used on the matter would be part of an unknown tongue.

This, then, is a complaint which we have against Mr. Mansel somewhat different from those produced by Mr. Maurice. We agree with the latter in denouncing the doctrine, that logical conception is the measure either

* *National Review*, No. xvii. p. 207.

of human thought or human knowledge; but still, estimating logic and the speculations engendered by logic, somewhat higher than does Mr. Maurice in his present volume, believing these have a bearing on theology of deep importance, believing, too, that Mr. Mansel is, more than most Englishmen, capable of and called to the task of illustrating this bearing, we have a charge to make against him over and above and separate from those which Mr. Maurice has urged with such tremendous force. We are constrained, therefore, to accuse him of having—let us not fear to say it—*juggled with, used as a charlatan*, that branch of philosophy which both his natural gifts and his acquirements called him to employ as a master. All that he has said about the *Infinite* comes under this charge. Surely amid the exulting sense of ingenuity in creating his puzzles, Mr. Mansel must have now and then been visited by the thought that he was indeed creating them. Such a man had no right to amuse himself with the word “limitation,” as though the limitation of distinction argued any the least imperfection. If the only Infinite be the *ἀπειρον* of ancient philosophy, from which distinguishable objects had to be rescued, “won from the void and formless infinite,” we are giving no glory to God in applying the epithet to him, no impulse to magnify him ever led the thoughts of a worshipper to that. Whenever the notion of such a mere infinite of indistinction has intruded itself into the idea of God, the great thinkers have repudiated it, as we shall presently endeavor to show.

We repeat it, such a sentence as the following is unworthy alike of the solemnity of the pulpit and the severity of philosophical research: “A thing—an object—an attribute—a person—or any other term signifying one out of many possible objects of consciousness, is by that very relation necessarily declared to be finite.” The answer is easy: It is thereby declared to be itself and not something else; but to make a difficulty out of this respecting the nature of God, we must juggle with the notion infinite, and call that a limit which in any sense is so. Whatever distinguishes the object no doubt bounds our concept of it, and limits the term by which such concept is expressed; but does it limit any thing else? Would it ever enter any unsophisticated mind that to distinguish between God and that which is not God was

to measure God himself or set any limit to his power, his wisdom, his goodness, and his glory?

As another specimen of juggling, and such juggling as we could not have believed that a man of Mr. Mansel's eminence would have practised, take the following: “How, for example, can Infinite Power be able to do all things, and yet Infinite Goodness be unable to do evil?” Surely it does not require acuteness like Mr. Mansel's to point out that the term *able* is here used in two totally different senses.

But, leaving this personal charge, on which it was our duty to lay some stress, let us now come to the main question: Are our ideas of the unconditioned in its several aspects merely negative? Is it true that “the *Absolute* and the *Infinite* are thus, like the *Inconceivable* and the *Imperceptible*, names indicating, not an object of thought or of consciousness at all, but the mere absence of the conditions under which consciousness is possible?” (Mansel, p. 95.) We may conclude at once that the terms are negative; that the *absolute*, as a term denotes the absence of external or necessitated relation; that the *infinite*, as a term denotes the absence of limitation. But surely we often use a negative term when the thought which suggested it is positive, and naturally, seeing that there can be no positive thought which does not imply its negative. It is because of God's positive perfection that every term which would denote imperfection must be rejected of him: because, therefore, he is positively perfect, he cannot be finite—*i.e.*, he is infinite. When therefore we speak of him as infinite, while we are using a negative term, we are lifting up our thoughts to that which is the most positive of all ideas—the complete perfection of God. Nor are all the aspects of that perfection denoted by negative terms. It is the same great truth which is before us when we speak of God as almighty, omnipresent, eternal. As we have already said, it is by the last of these that his perfection is most frequently denoted in Scripture, save when, more frequently still, it is conveyed to us in his great name Jehovah. And will Mr. Mansel tell us that when that name was revealed, thought was thereby not expanded, but limited; that Moses was simply presented at the bush with a negation; that no enlargement was given to his knowledge, but that he was merely

bade not to seek to know, merely taught that he could not know? All that we can mean by calling God unconditioned, infinite, absolute, is wrapped up in this unutterable name; and surely the holy men of old, who felt that their possession of it was a strong tower into which they entered and were safe, felt that it taught them no mere negation, yea, that it rescued them from negations, rescued them from the pursuit of shadows, anchored them on true and everlasting substance.

We commend the following golden paragraphs of Cudworth to Mr. Mansel's serious consideration:—

"Now, that we have an idea or conception of perfection, or a perfect being, is evident from the notion that we have of imperfection, so familiar to us; perfection being the rule and measure of imperfection, and not imperfection of perfection; as a straight line is the rule and measure of a crooked, and not a crooked line of a straight; so that perfection is first conceivable in order of nature before imperfection, as light before darkness, a positive before the privative or defect. For perfection is not properly the want of imperfection, but imperfection of perfection.—*Cudworth, Intellect. Syst.*, ed. Birch, vol. iii. p. 236.

"Wherefore since infinite is the same with absolutely perfect, we having a notion or idea of the latter must needs have of the former. From whence we learn also that though the word infinite be in the form thereof negative, yet is the sense of it, in those things which are really capable of the same, positive, it being all one with absolutely perfect; as likewise the sense of the word finite is negative, it being the same with imperfect.—*Ibid.*, pp. 239, 240.

"We conclude, to assert an infinite Being, is nothing else but to assert a Being absolutely perfect, such as never was not, or had no beginning, which could produce all things possible or conceivable, and upon which all other things must depend. And this is to assert a God, one absolutely perfect Being, the Original of all things: God, and Infinite, and absolutely Perfect, being but different names for one and the same thing.—*Ibid.*, p. 240.

Our readers will find a valuable passage on "the true idea of Eternity and Infinity" in the celebrated John Smith's *Select Discourses*, 3d edit., pp. 141, 143.

One of the most magnificent of anticipatory antidotes to Mr. Mansel is supplied by Barrow in his wonderful sermon, entitled "An adequate knowledge of God attainable by man." So counter do Barrow's thoughts run

to Mansel's, that the former maintains God to be more knowable and a distincter object to the understanding than any thing else, and that just because of his infinity and perfection. And yet few will care to accuse Barrow of a philosophy other than modest, or of a tendency to forget the limits of human thought and knowledge.

Finally, we think we may safely defy Mr. Mansel to produce from any great theistic writer—such for example as St. Augustine—ought but protests against his distinctive doctrine.

And where, if we admitted such doctrine, are we to stop? We ask not now, with Mr. Maurice, whether it does not strike at the root of our knowledge of every thing around and beside us, of our knowledge of one another as well as our knowledge of God; for we suspect that Mr. Mansel is too determined a Kantian to shrink from that result. But we submit that Mr. Mansel's speculations relegate all the fontal truths of morality to the same region of the unknowable and the negative as that wherein he places the leading truths which respect the divine nature. To be sure he asserts the very contrary, telling us that "within her own province, and among her own objects," reason is to "go forth, conquering and to conquer." And if we ask what are that province and those objects, we are straightway answered, "The finite objects, which she can clearly and consistently conceive, are her lawful empire and her true glory. The countless phenomena of the visible world; the unseen things which lie in the depths of the human soul;—these are given into her hand; and over them she may reign in unquestioned dominion." (*Mansel*, p. 199.) The "phenomena of the visible world" Mr. Mansel cannot help conceding; but his own argument would seem to exclude "the unseen things which lie in the depths of the human soul." Surely some of them transcend the sphere of conception. Mr. Mansel opens his fifth lecture by quoting a well-known passage of Bishop Butler on liberty and necessity. From his mode of quoting, we infer that he holds by the former doctrine at least as what he calls "a truth regulative." Yet that is just the one which he is bound on his own principles to discard from practical thought as a mere negation. All that is relative and phenomenal would, taken by itself, but present us with the notion of necessity.

Will is beyond conception, unrepresentable under forms of time and space, and therefore, according to Mr. Mansel, uncognizable by man. He is severe on the philosopher of whom more than any other he seems the disciple, for having transgressed in his ethical treatises the rigid scepticism of the critique of the pure reason. To justify such severity he ought himself not to deny the existence, but to assert the negative character in thought, of will.

We must now say a few words on Mr. Mansel's great distinction between truths regulative and truths speculative. According to him every thing real, or rather perhaps every thing as it really is, lies without the domain of human knowledge. But man is placed here, he will tell us, not to know, but to act; and therefore a notion or a statement regarding matters on which we can at present know nothing speculatively, may be true regulatively; that is, may be the right guide of our conduct, which is all that we ought to care about. Whether the regulative truth has any correspondence with the speculative; whether the difference between them be only in degree or be in kind, are questions to which the future state may perhaps furnish an answer.

Did it never occur to Mr. Mansel that in the very act of proclaiming a truth to be merely regulative, and possibly, probably, quite different from the truth speculative of the matter, you deprive it of its regulative character? Whilst I believed certain words to tell me *the* truth, I could act upon them; they could regulate me. Let me learn that in all likelihood they are not the truth, nor near it: and it is difficult to imagine that they can have any large influence over me. They may, if such a line of action suit me, keep me under certain social restraints; they may, if I choose, allow me to preserve an outward observance of received appointments and ordinances; they may, if I care for such orthodoxy, enable me to wear an orthodox garb of words and of demeanor, and my timidity may lead me to fancy that I am somehow the better for all this; but they never will lead me to take a great step, to make a real sacrifice. It would be difficult for Mr. Mansel to point out any real effective movement in religion—such as has told on masses of men, such as has made many men different from and better than they were before—that has not proceeded from a constraining conviction of the

movers, that they had got hold of *the* truth as regarded the subject matter. And any thing short of such a movement the result of such a conviction, we not only hold very cheap, but when it is set before us, utterly deprecate and refuse. We dislike Mr. Mansel's speculations in themselves, because we think them untrue; we dislike them because what influence they may have seems to us fatal to the love of truth. Such love must, we think, be altogether deadened by hearing the announcement that *the real truth* is unattainable.

But do we therefore ignore or forget the limited view of truth involved in the limitations of our mortal condition? Far from it. We fully admit the force of St. Paul's assertion, of which Mr. Mansel is careful to remind us, that at present we but "know in part and prophesy in part;" and we look forward to a day when "that which is perfect shall have come," and consequently, "that which is in part shall be done away." But should Mr. Mansel press us with this *doing away* of our present knowledge as sanctioning his distinction between a truth at present regulative, and the truth speculative regarding the same matter, we will meet him with the words of St. Chrysostom:—

"What is this that St. Paul says, and concerning what, that knowledge is to be done away? He speaks not concerning perfect but partial knowledge, calling the advancement from one to the other the doing away of that other. For just as the age or stature of the child is done away, *not by delection of substance*, but by growth of age or stature, and progress to adult manhood, so is it with knowledge."

Chrysostom goes on to urge that the doing away of our present knowledge must not be understood as meaning its

"complete destruction, but its growth and progress into the better."—*Chrysostom de Incomprehensibili Dei Natura*, i. 2.

And surely the golden-mouthed doctor is right here. Surely the *κατάργησις* the *doing away* of our present knowledge—is not the doing away of nullification, but the doing away of fulfilment: the growth into the greater and better. Things below will supply us with sufficient analogy for this. Take another passage of Scripture, in which our present knowledge is described as "a light shining in a dark place." Carry a lantern with us in the dark; it will give us light enough to

keep the path; it will show to a certain extent the objects beside us. Let the day dawn, and the lantern and its light may be said to be "done away." But they were not deceptive. The illumination was not essentially different from that of the daylight; the knowledge supplied was not heterogeneous to that fuller acquaintance with the path and its bearings, and the objects all around which we have now acquired. Or, let us return to St. Paul. He compares our present knowledge of eternal things to a child's notions of the affairs of the grown-up world. Are a father's explanations of those affairs to an inquisitive child other than true in themselves? The child knows as well as his father that they are not the whole perfect truth; but he believes that, as far as they go, they are the truth, and makes no distinction in kind between that truth and the more perfect truth which a grown-up man can take in. Now, if a man feels full well that in regard to the mighty abyss of eternal truth he is but a little child; that his poor faculties are all inadequate to sound that abyss or gauge the objects which it contains; that if he attempt with those faculties to do it, he will assuredly get amazed among such perplexities and contradictions as make up the staple of Mr. Mansel's speculations; and yet that into that abyss he must look, for in that abyss he is, and may any moment be forced to know that he eternally is; and if he hears the voice which he feels will not mislead him saying of itself, "I am the Truth," must he not argue thus: "I assuredly cannot sound that gulph into which I must soon enter; my own unassisted mind becomes dizzy and delirious if it tries to look into it; but the Being who has shown himself my brother tells me not only that he is, as he surely is, true, but that he is *the Truth*—the Truth regarding all that awful mystery which hems me in on every side, and in which my own heritage and portion are—and therefore, whatever I may find in the eternity on which I have to enter, I must find him there; his tenderness, his faithfulness, his love, yea his Jehovah being—that one enduring anchorage which is beyond limitation, and above accident and change and time? Will a man who has heard this voice call its utterances truths regulative but not speculative? Will he have room for such a distinction as that? Will he not promptly echo the apostle's words, 'We know that the

Son of God is come, and hath given us understanding that we may know him that is true; and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life'?"

We have thus delivered our protest against the main point of Mr. Mansel's philosophy, and have expressed ourselves strongly, both because we condemn it in itself, and because we greatly dislike its possible results. We dread and deprecate, more than most things, an orthodoxy based upon scepticism; an enforcement of the whole of a received system on the special ground that our ignorance of all things disqualifies us to refute, and therefore disentitles us to reject, any part of it. When a man has once made up his mind to adopt this principle, he has indeed no sort of religious difficulty, nor can he by possibility encounter any. It might avail for any and for every form of religion. It can combine the most universal doubt with the most entire conformity; and we are mistaken if it be not compatible with at least enough of zeal to make a good persecutor. In writing thus, we must not be supposed to be sketching Mr. Mansel himself. He is clear-sighted, and, we should think, temperate enough to understand a controversialist's right to point out what seems to him the inevitable result of a position, without being taken as asserting that it is arrived at in every man who announces his occupation of that position. We should be ready to believe, even if we did not see beautiful indications of it in the *Bampton Lectures*, that there is much in Mr. Mansel of a far higher tone than the main body of his speculation; and if we have not paused on the great merit of many passages in this book, it has been because, while Mr. Mansel stands in no need of our commendation, it is more respectful to him, as well as our readers, to keep our attention fixed on the more important issue between us.

But while we disown any imputation on Mr. Mansel himself, we cannot but hint to him that, be the merits or demerits of his religious and philosophical system what they may, he has not dealt quite fairly by those who are opposed to it. His notes are interesting and instructive—as such a vast body of quotation from such a variety of writers could scarcely fail of being—but we think they minister to a vicious appetite in the modern English mind—the appetite for

grouping the most varying objects in one whole, which have no element in common, except some felt diversity from ourselves. The result of this, on an estimate of writers who bear in any way on religion, is that all get debited with the most unbelieving utterances of any. Marheinecke must be answerable not merely for Hegel but for Strauss. This is surely not very fair. We object, indeed, to estimating any one man by his worst utterances instead of his better: we would measure Mr. Mansel rather by the beautiful and pious passages of the *Bampton Lectures*, than by the discussions of the Infinite; and even Hegel is entitled to the benefit of aspirations of his which cannot be said to run away from Christian truth. At all events, let him, when quoted, be rightly translated. When he calls the combination involved in the title God Man, *ungeheuer*, he does not, as Mr. Mansel represents him, call it monstrous. (Mansel, p. 159.) So far as the passage goes, its language is that of reverent admiration, and the idea of the God Man is styled *vast, amazing*. Mr. Mansel, if he wrote in German, might have used the adjective *ungeheuer* in the same connection himself.

In parting with Mr. Mansel, let us resume a comparison which we made at the outset, between himself and Bishop Hampden. We then contrasted the somewhat superfluous horror of the University of Oxford at the *Bampton Lectures* of Hampden, with the complacency with which it received the far more alarming *Bampton Lectures* of Mansel. Our purpose at present in referring to this again is not to renew the comparison. That comparison had reference merely to the degree in which the two writers diverged, or seemed to diverge, from the prevailing sentiments of the Christian Church. Otherwise, though there may be matter in the one to call up the thought of the other, there is no ground of comparison whatsoever, their subjects being totally different. Mr. Mansel's subject is the relation of the logical faculty to transcendent truth; Bishop Hampden's the relation of existing exercises of that faculty to the substance of revealed truth. Many who do not share in the morbid suspicion with which he was once regarded, and who confess themselves indebted to his book for much that is interesting and instructive, will yet, we think, admit that it is unsatisfactory.

The question is an important one; it involves the whole of Dogmatic Divinity, a question from which it is difficult, therefore, to escape. For who has yet succeeded in disconnecting himself with dogma? Protest with as much vehemence as Mr. Maurice against limiting our knowledge of things, either in heaven or earth, to the measures of logical conception, and you will still find, if you think and speak at all, that logic has got in. The moment he begins to state, to explain, to define, to protest, the most determined anti-logician has subjected himself to logical laws. And, however mindful of the limited grasp of the universe which is assigned to those laws—however careful, therefore, not to identify heavenly truth itself with his or with any man's statements, explanations, definitions, and protests—one does not see how that truth is to enter into the aggregate of life, how it is to pass from man to man, without statements, without explanations, without definitions, without protests. Dogma cannot, therefore, be avoided. A thorough logician, who is also a well-read and sound divine, may do good service in pointing out its legitimate sphere, and the conditions under which it may be safely produced. Bishop Hampden has rather supplied us with the questions than furnished us with satisfactory answers. Mr. Mansel's peculiar gifts, and in the region of philosophy, at least, vast information, seem to us peculiarly to qualify him for such a work; and as beyond doubt he would start with a higher estimate of the language of the creeds and the oecumenical *formulae* than did Bishop Hampden, he would in this, as in one or two other respects, start, in our judgment, with a very great advantage over him.

Since the foregoing remarks went through the press, Mr. Chretien's pamphlet has made its appearance. To us it is very satisfactory, inasmuch as, handling the whole matter very differently from ourselves, it corroborates with all the strength belonging to Mr. Chretien's reputation and ability, the ground which we have taken. Still more we rejoice in the author's announcement, not merely of dissatisfaction, but of "increasing dissatisfaction with Mr. Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*."—(Chretien, p. 40.) The italics are ours. The whole discussion is carried on by Mr. Chretien in a spirit altogether admirable, and professing to be no more than suggestive, his remarks are in that respect very valuable.

While the pamphlet contains many an important remark on the general question of the search after truth, the discussion proper is, on the whole confined to two great points, Mr. Mansel's distinction between truths speculative and truths regulative, and his views of the absolute and the infinite. On the former, Mr. Chretien and ourselves are altogether at one. But he has with great ingenuity, and with something better than ingenuity, worked out a position important in itself, and important too as a possible ground of mediation between Messrs. Mansel and Maurice, that on the former's showing there are no such things as truths speculative at all.

We have not space to exhibit Mr. Chretien's reasonings, which, after all, will be best got by reading his short pamphlet; but they seem to us to convict Mr. Mansel of having made a division, "one of whose members is a simple blank." His truth speculative would seem unattainable by man, not only in his present state, but in any possible future one, if in any possible state man must be finite; unattainable by angels if they are finite; and irrelevant as thought of in the mind of God, if truth be, according to Mr. Mansel and many others, but a property of conception. Mr. Chretien works out this question in a far higher spirit than that of the mere logician; but we are contented just now with calling attention to it, and his mode of handling it. And we say that his reasonings furnish a possible ground of mediation between Messrs. Mansel and Maurice, because we think the former might be got to acknowledge that while he can furnish no example of what he calls a truth speculative, nay, can hint at no possible sphere in this or the other world for such a thing, he has all the while been meaning by truth regulative, what other people mean simply by truth, knowledge that is sound and sure as far as it goes, though subject in the mind which receives it to the limitations of that mind, and therefore, while true, never the whole truth, never, while a pure approximation to it, the perfect idea which is in the mind of God, at once the ocean and the fountain of all truth.

On the other point, the Hamiltonian and Manselian position respecting the unconditional, in its special aspects of the absolute and the infinite, Mr. Chretien professes an in-

difference which our foregoing remarks show that we are far from sharing. We cannot but feel it important to warn men against making a deep but vital mystery seem a mere hopeless bewilderment by playing with the terms which express it. We cannot but ask them whether they were ever called to ascribe to God an infinitude, not merely of power, wisdom, goodness, and love, but of predicates of every kind, divine and not divine, compatible and contradictory, of which he is to be the subject? Mr. Mansel's statements of what is demanded by the idea of the infinite, amount to this; and this, we say, is a mode of glorifying God which was never required of us, and which to speak the truth, is not only no glorifying of him, but cannot be adopted without profanity.

Mr. Chretien is very solemn and earnest. One short passage, however, might almost seem intended for a joke. Speaking of Mr. Mansel's position as a preacher, he says, "it required no small skill in a writer of a severely logical mind, to expand a continuous chain of reasoning which could not be fairly entertained without a suspense of judgment on the first truths of religion, and to append at the proper places passages of religious eloquence which should not be evidently out of place, as assuming the truths which were to be proved." We do not think Mr. Chretien intended to be satirical here, but to our minds the notion of this task of "expanding a chain of reasoning," etc., and "appending at the proper places passages of religious eloquence," which, too, though they are to be appended at the proper places, are not to be "obviously out of place," has all the effect of a joke. It is a joke, too, which has its moral, and that no unimportant one. F. G.

Postscript.—We had supposed our task was finished; but the appearance of Mr. Mansel's rejoinder to Mr. Maurice imposes on us the necessity of saying a word or two more. As regards ourselves indeed we might rest on our oars, for we have professedly taken ground of our own; the objections which we have urged against Mr. Mansel's position, were our objections before Mr. Maurice's book appeared; and nothing that we have observed in the former's pamphlet bears materially on them. On the other hand, one of Mr. Mansel's criticisms, that on his oppo-

ment's reference to Kant, has been partially anticipated by ourselves. But as we have expressed a confidence in Mr. Mansel's temper which we now find to have been greatly misplaced, as our remarks on Mr. Chretien's letter gave utterance to a hope of mediation between the conflicting parties, which Mr. Mansel has since grievously discouraged, and as amongst extant specimens of misrepresentation we know none equal to his reply to Mr. Maurice, we must indicate the grounds of this disappointing and disheartening judgment.

Writing very angrily, Mr. Mansel opens with the following: "To some, indeed, of Mr. Maurice's charges I shall not attempt to reply at all. I do not think it worth while to enter upon a controversy in defence of the merely literary character of my lectures. Mr. Maurice, in his anxiety to leave no weapon of attack unemployed, has discovered that my style is in one place 'bewildering,' in another 'jargon,' in another 'a wilderness of words,' in another 'vagueness' in another 'slipslop,' whatever that may mean."—(P. 4). Who has not presented to him here the picture of one who, determined seriously to wound, is glad to envenom the wound with as much superfluous outrage as may be? Now, will it be believed that scarcely one of the passages in Mr. Maurice's book, to which we are referred—and as Mr. Mansel gives us references, every reader can try the experiment for himself—partakes of the quality of literary criticism, criticism on style, in the ordinary sense of these words? A particular phrase, not necessarily viewed as Mr. Mansel's invention or peculiar property, is contrasted with living reality as "school jargon." With no mention of style at all, it is complained that a point which Mr. Maurice considered essential to the argument is left in "vagueness." So much for two of the alleged grievances. The rest we can leave to the reader who will follow our example of verification.

Did time and space at present permit, we could, we think, show how utterly Mr. Mansel has misconceived his opponent's handling

of Butler's *Analogy*. We must confine ourselves to a statement of the case. Mr. Mansel exhibits some discourse from Mr. Maurice, in which he thinks the latter is expounding Butler, and triumphs over its difference from that prelate. Mr. Maurice is endeavoring to show what he thinks a man, who, from causes never present to Butler's mind, can gain no satisfaction from the actual thesis of the *Analogy*, may yet gain from careful study of and meditation on it.

Much more might be added; but we must content ourselves with these two inaccuracies of Mr. Mansel, at least as formidable, we think, as any of which he has been able to convict Mr. Maurice. These latter, if they be valid convictions, we are sure that gentleman will candidly acknowledge and correct. We have, in our hasty glance at Mr. Mansel's pamphlet, come across none that seem to have any material bearing on the main question.

Both authors write severely. Mr. Maurice in his preface prepares his readers for the fact as regards himself. He will be considered justified in doing so or not, according as he succeeds or not in imparting his own convictions on the matter at issue. Mr. Mansel writes in undissembled anger; and so far it may be thought the combatants are on a par, except as regards the question, which struck the first blow. That Mr. Maurice did so is not so certain as it may seem on a hasty glance. Anyhow, we must urge on Mr. Mansel that there is some difference between the vehement indignation of the man who, justly or mistakenly, believes the foundations of faith and truth to be assailed; and that of the man, who, rightly or mistakenly, thinking himself ill-treated, allows no limit to the expression of his bitterness. We do Mr. Mansel the justice of believing that he will thank us for a fact which has escaped his observation; viz., that a sentence of Mr. Maurice which he has twice held up to reprobation was withdrawn in the second and amended edition of the *Theological Essays*.

THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

BY ISA CRAIG.

A STILLNESS crept about the house,
At even' fall, in noontide glare:
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many-windowed house of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed,
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare,
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered house of Quair.

The pool was full: around its brim
The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
While women keep the house of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves in happy dreams
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Or oft in pall-black velvet clad,
Sat stately in the oaken chair,
Like many a dame of her ancient name,
The mother of the house of Quair.

Her daughter broidered by her side,
With heavy-drooping golden hair,
And listened to her frequent plaint—
"Ill fare the brides that come to Quair."

"For more than one hath lived in pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned,
Left lonely in the house of Quair.

"Alas! and ere thy father died
I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God defend her ill—
Thy brother brings his bride to Quair!"

She came: they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
The fairest in the house of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene, how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the wife of Quair.

"'Tis fair," she said on looking forth.
"But what although 'twere bleak and bare—"
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse on Quair.

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share."
What need be said?—she was not one
Of the ill-fated brides of Quair!

THE SERENADE.

It rose upon the deepest hush of night,
Putting the white dream by my couch to flight,
The full, sweet cadence swelled upon my ears—
Had I, indeed, awakened in the spheres?
I listened—struggling through the vapory net
Of slumber, clinging round me even yet,
And through its misty maze I seemed to float
O'er summer waters in an open boat—
Where, through the glancing ripples as we
glide,

The music floated round us o'er the tide.
Again it sounded through the hills away,
O'er woodlands white and scented with the May,
But sank these visions into sober shade
And I awoke, and heard a serenade.

Some lover to his mistress! ah, I said,
Not yet thy golden age, romance! is fled,
Even here, amid the selfish and the cold,
Amid the pale-worn worshippers of gold,
In music speaks the old, immortal love
That stirred the echoes of Egeria's grove,

That crowned Leander tripping from the wave,
And chimes along the sea o'er Sappho's grave!
I raised the casement, and the moonlight lay
White o'er the silent city, stretched away
All dim and shadowy, and the countless stars
Swept through the dusky ether in their cars.

And all was silent, save that mellow tone
Of music, breathing through the midnight lone.
It paused—I watched to see a white hand gleam
A moment through the lattice—did I dream?

Upon the moonlit gallery doth emerge
A portly figure! standing at its verge,
He makes a speech! ye gods! I shut my ears,
While hoarsely bursts upon the night, "three
cheers."

ENCL.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

MATINS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with
Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As, in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slum-
ber,

Its closing eye look up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
flee;

Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with
Thee!

Ten Years of Preacher Life.—Chapters from an Autobiography, by William Henry Milburn. New York: Messrs. Derby and Jackson.

THIS is an interesting record of the life and labors of a Methodist preacher, who from an accident in early youth became almost entirely blind. He gives many incidents of his travelling and stationary life, and describes many distinguished persons with whom his position as chaplain of the House of Representatives, and as a travelling preacher gave him opportunities to become acquainted. The following account of an adventure on board a steamboat is an agreeable specimen of the book :—

"The river was low—fogs came on. Sunday morning arrived, we were yet eighty miles below Wheeling, and there was no place where we could land to spend the Sabbath. At breakfast time a committee of the passengers waited upon me to know if I would preach to them. Never did I say yes more gladly; for never had I been so anxious to speak my mind. A congregation of nearly three hundred persons assembled at half-past ten o'clock, and I took my stand between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabins; seated in the places of honor upon my right and left hand, were most of my late objects of interest—the members of Congress. I had never before spoken under such circumstances, but nevertheless preached as well as I could, which is not saying much. At the close of the discourse proper, however, I could not resist the impulse to speak a straightforward word to the men on my right and left; turning to them, therefore, I said something to the following effect: 'I understand that you are members of the Congress of the United States, and as such you are or should be the representatives not only of the political opinions, but also of the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the people of this country. As I had rarely seen men of your class, I felt on coming aboard this boat a natural interest to hear your conversation and to observe your habits. If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card-players, and drunkards. Suppose there should be an intelligent foreigner on this boat, travelling through the country with the intent of forming a well-considered and unbiassed opinion, as to the practical working of our free institutions—seeing you and learning your position,

what would be his conclusion?—inevitably, that our experiment is a failure, and our country is hastening to destruction. Consider the influence of your example upon the young men of the nation—what a school of vice are you establishing! If you insist upon the right of ruining yourselves, do not by your example corrupt and debauch those who are the hope of the land. I must tell you, that as an American citizen I feel disgraced by your behavior; as a preacher of the gospel I am commissioned to tell you, that unless you renounce your evil courses, repent of your sins, and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ with hearts unto righteousness, you will certainly be damned.'

"At the close of the services I retired to my stateroom to consider my impromptu address word by word, and whether, if I were called to a reckoning for it, I should be willing to abide by it and its consequences. Plain speaking and stern acting are common things among the men of the west and the southwest, and whosoever starts to run a race of this kind should be prepared to go unflinchingly to the goal. I came to the conclusion that nothing had been said of which I ought to be ashamed, and that I would stand by every word of it, let the issue be what it might. While cogitating, there was a tap at the door. A gentleman entered, who said: 'I have been requested to wait upon you by the members of Congress on board, who have had a meeting since the close of the religious exercises. They desire me to present you with this purse of money'—handing me between fifty and a hundred dollars—'as a token of their appreciation of your sincerity and fearlessness in reproving them for their misconduct; they have also desired me to ask, if you will allow your name to be used at the coming election of chaplain for Congress. If you will assent to this, they are ready to assure you an honorable election.' Quite stunned with this double message, I asked time for quiet reflection and for consulting with my friend. He warmly urged my acceptance of the offer. As the boat neared Wheeling my decision was asked. I assented to the proposal. They went forward to the capital; I tarried in Wheeling to preach. But the sermon on the boat was far more remunerative than all the labors at Cincinnati and Wheeling united. By the agency of my new friends, I was in due time elected. Their money paid my expenses to Washington, and so I entered upon my duties as chaplain of Congress.—*Daily Advertiser.*